Cambria Freeman.

A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher.

"HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE."

Terms, $2 per year, in advance.

VOLUME XII. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, MARCH 8, 1878. NUMBER 7.

JOURNED EXECUTOR'S SALE.

undersigned will offer for sale at public tery, at the Court House in Ebensburg, on

onday, March 11th,

rs, at 1 o'clock, P. M., all that certain

estead, or Piece or Parcel of Land,

in Carroll township, Cambria county, Pa., ed on the north by lands of Peter Hoover eirs of John Bennett; on the east by lands hael Noon; on the south by lands of John y and Adam Schettig, and on the west by of said Adam Schettig; containing 1[illegible] and 87 perches, more or less, about 100 of which are cleared, the balance, about 60 being timber land—having thereon erected story LOG DWELLING HOUSE, with good a Log Bank Barn, with Sheds all around, her outbuildings. There is an excellent of living water near the door, a good spring and a thriving orchard of apple and peach in full bearing, on the premises the same the real estate of which Michael Murray, said township died seized. TITLE INDISPE.

There is an abundance of hemlock and hard as well as rail timber, on the 60 Acres not

MS OF SALE.—One-third cash on delivery of and the balance in two equal annual pay- with interest to be secured by the bonds ortgage of the purchaser.

JAMES C. MURRAY, ch 1, 1878-2. Surviving Executor, &c.

CHARLES J. STAHL.

ACTICAL BOOKBINDER,

No. 1109½ ELEVENTH AVENUE,

Altoona, Pa.,

repared to do all work in his line, such as nding Ledgers, Dockets, Day-Books, Deed s, other Blank Books, Magazines, Music Pamphlets, Constitutions, Rye Laws &c., the shortest notice, in the best manner, n the MOST REASONABLE TERMS.

Books Rebound to Look Like New,

satisfaction fully guaranteed in old as well work. Having been in the Bookbinding ess for over thirty years, during fourteen of s I have resided in Altoona, I flatter myself I can do more different kinds and better binding than any man outside of New York or Philadelphia. Parties at a distance desiring work done can order or bring it to me with every assurance that it will be attended to promptly, satisfactorily and at the lowest possible rates. No matter whether common or fancy bindings are desired. A large assortment of Binder's Stock kept constantly on hand, from which the kind of binding wished for can be selected. Orders solicited. Room Feb 22 1878.-tf.

RIAL LIST, MARCH TERM.—List

of Causes set down for trial at a Court Common Pleas to be held at Ebensburg, in and for the county of Cambria, commencing MONDAY, MARCH 4th, 1878:

SECOND WEEK

Christy, vs.
[illegible] vs. McLaughlin.
[illegible] vs. Heslop.
[illegible] vs. Lapsley.
[illegible]'s vs. Flynn et al
[illegible] vs. Marrin, et al
[illegible] et al. vs. Cambria Coal & Coke Co.
[illegible] vs. Scanlan et al.
Johnston & Co vs. Dunegan.
[illegible] vs. Oaks
[illegible] vs. Odell
[illegible] vs. Sineman.
[illegible] vs. Flattery.
[illegible] vs. Bendon.
[illegible] vs. Lamb
[illegible] vs. Ivers.
[illegible] vs. Stinebiser et al.
[illegible]'s vs. Cronstore.
[illegible] et al. vs. eCombie
[illegible] vs. Cambria Iron Co.
[illegible] vs. Wright et al.
[illegible] vs. Ryan
[illegible] vs. Arnold
[illegible] vs. Crowley.
[illegible] vs. Rodensnotz

C. F. O'DONNELL, Prothonotary
Prothonotary's Office, Ebensburg, Feb. 4, 1878.

ARMS AT PRIVATE SALE.—

The undersigned offers at private sale following properties, to wit: A tract of land under township, Blair county, 15½ miles from Tyrone containing 184 acres, well improved, ing thereon all the necessary farm buildings. farm will be divided into two or three parts, ered for purchasers, and if not sold before the first of March next, it will then be rented, the farm on which I now reside, in Logan ship 3½ miles from Altoona. This property high state of cultivation and has a splendid barn and other buildings thereon erected. so, a tract of improved land situated partly Blair and Cambria counties, containing 278 This tract is underlaid with coal of excellent quality, well covered with timber, and has a road built to it, ready for shipping coal. These lands will be sold as a whole or divided, on terms to suit purchasers, or will exchange Altoona city property. For further information call on or address WM. DECKER.

Nov. 23, 1877.-1y. Box 889, Altoona.

HOTEL PROPERTY AT PUBLIC SALE.—The undersigned will offer at public sale on the premises, at 10 o'clock, on Saturday, March 30th, 1878, the well known TAVERN STAND at Summitville, recently occupied by Mr. Luke Burgoon—house is a new one, well finished throughout, the cellar is properly drained, while the lot enclosed is large and in a good state of cultivation. Possession will be given to the purchaser the first of April next.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-fourth in hand and the balance in three equal annual payments with interest, secured by bond or mortgage of the purchaser.

HENRY FRITZ.

Johnstown Feb 21, 18 8 -3t.

FARM FOR SALE.—The undersigned offers at private sale at a great bargain her FARM OF 50 ACRES, with allowance, in Adams township, about 35 acres of which are cleared, it being thereon erected a two story LOG HOUSE 18x25 large BANK BARN, and the usual outbuildings. There is an excellent young orchard of apple, cherry and peach trees, with plenty of good water on the premises. The FARM is in an excellent state of cultivation and will be sold very cheap and on the most liberal terms, for further particulars call on or address

Mrs. LEAH FLENNER,
Feb. 28 1877.-2m.* South Fork P. O.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned, having been appointed Auditor by the Orphans' Court of Cambria county to report distribution of the fund in the hands of Thomas Dumphy, administrator of John Dumphy, dec'd, as shown by his final account, to and amongst those entitled to receive the same, hereby gives notice that he will sit at his office in Ebensburg, on SATURDAY, the 9th day of MARCH inst., at 10 o'clock, A. M., for the purpose of attending to the duties of his said appointment; at which time and place all persons interested may attend if they see proper.

J. G. LAKE, Auditor.
Ebensburg, Feb. 22, 1878 3t.*

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Christop'r Eckenrode, dec'd. Letters of administration on the estate of Christopher Eckenrode, late of Allegheny township, Cambria county, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims against the same will present them, properly authenticated for settlement, to the undersigned.

JOSEPH ECKENRODE, Administrator.
Allegheny Twp., Feb. 15, 1878.-6t.

ON THE RECEIPT OF FIFTY CENTS we will send, postage paid, to any address, a handsome Chromo of "HIS HOLINESS, LEO XIII." from an authentic Portrait issued by the publishers by his Grace, Archbishop Purcell. Address, Chromo Department,

NATIONAL BUREAU OF ENGRAVING
12-1-2m.] 512 Pine Street, Philadelphia.

COUNTY COMMISSIONER.—In compliance with the wishes of many friends, I have concluded to be a candidate for the office of County Commissioner, subject to Democratic rules.

JOSUE D. PARRISH.
Ebensburg, Feb. 15, 1878.-3t.*

PIANOS Retail price $1000 only $260. Parlor Organs, price $240 only $65. Paper free. Daniel F. Beatty, Washington, N. J.

LIFE.

And what is life? A bubble broken,
A word forgot as soon as spoken,
An hour of wasted leisure;
A fragile wreath of withered flowers,
A hope which never can be ours,
A still eluding pleasure.

Children—we frolic, laugh or cry;
We hope to grow up by and by,
And be sage men and women.
In youth—we skate, and go to college,
Lay up vast stores of useful knowledge,
Or spend our days in scheming.

As men—we marry, work, are lazy,
The one-half fools, the other crazy,
Suspicious of it never!
We toil, we buy, we build, we barter,
And could keep hold forever!
Old age comes on. The bubble breaks;
Man from his busy dream awakes,
And mourns his wasted leisure.
The wealth he garnered wounds his brow,
Deceitful hopes forsake him now,
The moth corrupts his treasure.

Where shall he look? The world above
He does not know—he does not love—
Yet there his steps are tending.
Oh, had he dreamed 'twould come to this,
Would he not then have sought his bliss
In pleasure never ending?

—*Anonymous.*

THE HAUNTED SHIP.

"I shipped in the Norway for the passage from Cronstadt to Hull, and another English gentleman, who went by the name of Jack Hastings, joined her at the same time. He and I lodged together on the shore, and became somewhat acquainted before we became shipmates. He was a man of considerable information, and, from his talk, had seen his share of the world, but was not much of a sailor, as I had already surmised from the cut of his jib.

We found Capt. Phelps, of the Norway, a Tartar in the worst sense of the word; and the voyage was anything but a pleasant one, especially to Hastings. He had shipped for able seaman's wages, and his deficiencies were soon apparent, especially to a captain who had a hawk's eye for the weak points in a man, that he might come down on him. As I had a strong feeling of respect for the young man, I stood his friend whenever I could, by trying to do more than my own share of duty, and covering up his shortcomings; but I couldn't always be at hand, of course.

One night when it was blowing quite fresh, and I was at the wheel, the captain was up, and had all hands putting reefs in the topsails. The men had just been down on deck, and were manning the halyards to hoist away, when poor Hastings, instead of the reef-tackle, let go the weather foretopsail brace, and away went the yard fore and aft. However by luffing up smartly, we managed to get it checked in again without carrying away anything. But Capt. Phelps, frothing at the mouth, vowed he would tan the clumsy lubber's hide that did it, and would ride him down like a maintack. He rushed at Hastings with a piece of rattline stuff, and brought it down once, with a terrific cut over his neck and shoulders.

As he raised it again to repeat the blow, while all hands stood looking on, hushed into silence, a voice from aloft roared out:

"Hold your hand!"

The sound, which was wonderfully loud and clear, seemed to come down out of the maintop. The captain fell back aft, so as to look up, but could see nothing.

"Aloft, there!" he yelled in a rage.

No answer.

"Maintop, there!"

"Halloa!" was answered spitefully.

"Come down on deck!"

"Come up here and see how you like it!"

The captain's rage was now fearful to behold.

"Who's aloft there? Who is it, Mr. Raynor?" he inquired of the mate.

"Nobody that I know of, sir," answered the officer. "They're all here in sight."

The men looked from one to another, but the number was correct. The second mate, without waiting for orders, sprang up aloft and looked over the top rim, then made the circuit of it, looking all around the mast head, and reported himself alone. The captain dropped his rope's end and went below, his mind in a strange chaos of rage and fear, and Hastings escaped further punishment for that night.

But a few days were sufficient for the captain to forget his fears, and I myself was the next victim of his wrath. He had ordered me to make a lanyard-knot in the end of an old, ragged rope, to be used for a lashing somewhere. I did so, and returned it to him, telling him I had made the best job of it that I could.

"Well, if that's your best," said he, "you're as much of a lubber as your partner, Hastings. I'll dock you both to ordinary seaman's pay."

In vain I remonstrated, saying that the rope was too much worn and jagged to make a neat piece of work.

"Jagged, is it? Well, I'll finish it up over your lubberly back."

"No you won't?" sung out a voice from behind the long boat.

He rushed round in the direction of the sound, but there was no one here.

"Who was that that spoke?" he cried. "If I knew who he was I'd cut his heart out."

"Ha, ha! would ye!" was answered derisively—from the maintop, now.

It was broad daylight, and all could see that there was no one up there. I was quite as much startled and mystified as my tyrant could possibly be, but the diversion served as good a purpose as on the previous occasion, for he did not attack me again. Had he done so I meant to resist, and grapple with him if it cost me my life.

That night the Captain's slumbers were disturbed by a fierce cry, which appeared to come in at the side light in his state room, left open for fresh air. The cry had been heard by the mate on the quarter-deck, and by Hastings, at the wheel, who could give no explanation of it, and seemed to share his astonishment and fear, when he rushed on deck and looked vainly over the quarter in search of the cause.

From that day he was harassed and persecuted at every turn by an "invisible presence," which gave him no peace of his life. Whether on deck or below he found no escape from it, and especially when he began to abuse or swear at any of the ship's company the voice of the hidden champion invariably took their part, the insolent laugh rang in his ear on every such occasion, seeming to come from overhead.

But no such manifestation ever troubled us in the forecastle, nor did the unearthly voice ever address any one on board except Capt. Phelps. The more superstitious part of our crew would rather have borne his tyrannical treatment than have lived in a haunted ship, while some of us welcomed a friend in this unaccountable spiritual presence, or whatever it might be.

The captain's angry passions were to some degree checked by it, though now and then they broke forth so suddenly that the object of his fury received a blow before it could interfere. We had arrived within a couple of days' sail of the English coast, when, becoming exasperated by some blunder of Hastings, he hurled a belaying pin, which struck him on the head. The poor fellow suddenly clapped both hands to the spot with a yell and rushed into the forecastle. The captain, after having thrown the missile, appeared, as I thought, surprised at not hearing anything, and I noticed him glance nervously aloft. But still hearing nothing he recovered his courage and ordered Mr. Raynor to "call that man on deck again."

The mate, getting no answer to his call, went below and found Hastings delirious. He reported that he believed the man to be in a critical condition, and the captain directed him to do whatever he thought best for his relief. I think Capt. Phelps, like some other hard cases that I have sailed with, did not dare venture into the forecastle himself, for fear that he might never get out again alive.

That night it became necessary to call all hands out to reef again, and while we were on the yards a thrilling cry arose from the boys, such as might well have been raised by a maniac. A human form was seen by several of us erect on the rail, near the fore swifter, and then a loud splash was heard in the water under our bow.

Mr. Raynor and the captain, who were on deck, rushed to the side; a hat was seen for a moment bobbing up on the crest of the sea, and the same dreadful yell of insanity was repeated, even more shrill than before. Captain Phelps echoed the cry, but faintly, and fell insensible to the deck.

Mr. Raynor hailed us on the topsail yard with a voice like a trumpet blast—"Lay down from aloft! Clear away the small boat!"

We thought the mate was quite as mad as the poor suicide; and so he was for the moment. By the time we reached the deck he was ready to countermand the order. Everything was hidden in darkness, the wind and sea fast increasing; and it was hardly possible, even then, for the clumsy little boat to live. The captain, still unconscious, was carried below, with many a muttered wish that he might never come up again; and bitter were the oaths of vengeance, mingled with kind words and tears for our departed messmate, that went round among our wakeful little circle during that stormy, dismal night.

When the Hull pilot boarded us, forty eight hours afterward, Capt. Phelps was at his post, trying to look like himself, but still pale and trembling. The mate told us that he should have him arrested as soon as we arrive in port. But I think he must have relented and connived at his escape, for he was missing before the ship was fairly secured. I don't think he was ever brought to justice, though I did not wan to see. I was glad enough to shake the dust of the Norway off my feet, and to forget, if possible, the history of the voyage.

But I often found myself, while on subsequent voyages, puzzling my brain to account for the strange phenomena of which I have spoken. Five years passed away and I was none the wiser in that respect, when I found myself in Liverpool, where I had arrived from a South America voyage and had been paid off with fifty pounds—a considerable sum for me to have in my possession at one time.

Strolling along the streets at early evening, ready for anything in the way of amusement that might turn up, my attention was caught by a poster announcing the performance of "Prof. Holbrook, the unrivaled and world-renowned ventriloquist." I had never seen a performance of that sort; but after reading the bill I resolved to go. I was just in time when I reached the hall of exhibition, and taking a ticket I entered and took a seat. I thought the professor's entertainment the most wonderful thing I had ever seen or heard. After a variety of sounds and voices had been imitated with marvelous skill, he informed us that he would hold a conversation with an imaginary person up the chimney. When the responsive "Ha, ha!" came down I was startled to such a degree as to rise from my seat. It was the same voice, in precisely the same peculiar tones, that I had heard so many times from the Norway's maintop.

A minute later, the professor, having finished his part, came forward to the front of the stage; in spite of his flowing beard and other disguises, I recognized one whom I had supposed to be dead five years before.

"Jack Hastings!" said I, aloud, forgetting, in my excitement, where I was.

"Sit down!" "Put him out!" cried a dozen voices at once.

I subsided, of course, but not before I had received a sign of recognition from the ventriloquist. When the performance was over he beckoned to me, and in the privacy of his own room grasped my hand with a hearty pressure.

"Hastings," I asked, "how in the name of miracles were you saved?"

"Saved! Where?"

"When you jumped overboard raving mad."

He laughed—his own natural, hearty laugh; not the unearthly one which he sent down from chimneys and mastheads.

"I never jumped overboard, Ashton," said he; "and I never was any more mad than I am at this moment. It was only a plan to frighten old Phelps, and I think it succeeded but too well. If he had been tried for his life and I had thought him in danger, I should have appeared in court and frightened him again to save his life. But he could not be found, and I never heard of him since. My madness was all a sham, and the man overboard was only a bundle of old duds, surmounted by my old hat. I slipped down into the forepeak and lay concealed till the night after the ship arrived, when I stole out and went ashore. Of course you understand the cries you heard?"

"Certainly; and the other strange sounds on board. Your ventriloquism explains the whole matter."

"I performed in most of the cities and large towns in England before I knew you; but I was then dissipated in my habits, and squandered all that I made. While on one of my sprees I shipped and went to sea, and that is how you found me in Cronstadt. But I was never stock to make a sailor of. Since I have returned have done well and saved money, and you must allow that I acquit myself better on this stage than I did on board the Norway."

And that's the only haunted ship that ever I was in. I've heard of others, but probably those cases might all be explained in some similar way.

GOOD BYE, DEAR!

TWO WOMEN WHO WERE TOO LONG SAYING IT.

The Providence (R. I.) *Journal* says: A funny incident occurred at the west end of the railroad station yesterday morning, which at one time threatened serious results, and it was only by good fortune that one if not two lives were not lost. As the 6:45 train for Wickford Junction was about to leave, two women were noticed apparently bidding each other good bye. One was standing on the platform of a car; the other was standing on the platform that runs out from that end of the station.—They had hold of hands as if for a parting grasp. The train started slowly; there seemed to be no need of the final farewell just yet, so the woman on the depot platform walked along, still keeping hold of the hand of her friend. The speed of the train increased, so did the speed of the woman on the platform. Still they kept hold of hands. A young man, an interested observer of the transaction, could not quite make up his mind whether she that was off the train wished to get on, or she that was on wished to get off. The speed of the tram still increased, until the woman on the platform began to trot, and then to run. Still they kept hold of hands.

Those acquainted with the locality will remember that the platform extends some distance from the station, and at the end of it a fence commences, which runs along a couple of feet or so from the track. The woman on the platform by this time was going pretty fast, and when she reached the end of the platform she didn't stop. Still they kept hold of hands. The result was the woman on the platform fell down between the fence and the moving train, and pulled the woman from the car down there with her. There the two were piled up in a small space, in imminent danger of getting under the train that was moving quickly by them.

There was a second of silent astonishment; and then they both screamed.

The interested spectator now became a frightened spectator, and then a rescuer. He rushed to the aid of these unfortunates, expecting every moment to see one or both caught by the train and dragged under the wheels. Before he reached them, however, one in some way had managed to get through the fence and out of the way, while the other lay on her back, kicking frantically. Fearing she would, in her wild endeavors, strike the train to her own great sorrow, the young man reached in through the fence, caught her by the feet, and held them till the train had passed, when she arose and inquired if she was perfectly safe.

A MISERABLE FAILURE.—A gaunt hen pecked looking man, with a sepulchral voice, glided into the Central station office on Saturday and sat for two hours and a half, irritating a pimple on his nose, before he managed to muster sufficient nerve to unbosom himself. Having screwed himself to the sticking point, he stepped softly up to the 'squire and said with marked forceness:

"Judge?"

"Well, sir," answered the court.

"I've come—"

"Well."

"To ascertain—"

"Go ahead."

"How much—"

"This sounds business like," thought the court.

"How much will it cost—"

"Yes, yes."

"How much will it cost if, in an unguarded moment, I should be seized with a spasm and should smite the woman, who doubles my troubles, over the brow with the palm of my dexter finger?"

"Let me understand," said the court. "You wish to know the penalty of wife beating. Is that it?"

"That's the English of it."

"Well, about thirty days."

"Thirty days," repeated the hen pecked man. "Judge, would they let her get within a hundred yards of my prison home if I protest?"

"Certainly not."

His mournful countenance blossomed with anticipated joy as he started for the door. As he was passing out he turned boldly to the justice and remarked:

"Make her out judge. I'll be here to pay the penalty in just about two hours. Thirty days. How cheap! Oh, won't I—won't I whang her one! I can't hold a candle to her on the jaw movement; I have not even pretended to wear the trousers. But my manhood is aroused. I'll simply gyrate in an irregular orbit about her headpiece, and then will give myself up to the law for thirty days with pleasure. If I can get one grand, glorious sling of this No. 10 bull skin at her, I'll go down for sixty days without a groan." Two hours later four men carried him to the hospital on a shutter, and his wife was arrested for assault and battery.—*Detroit Free Press.*

MARRYING FOR MONEY.—A late author truthfully says: "Gold cannot buy happiness, and the parents who compel their daughters to marry for station or money commit a grevious sin against humanity and God, and a woman who marries a churl for his wealth will find that she has made a terrible bargain—that all the glittering and heartless grandeur are phosphorescent glitterings of heart-wretchedness; that her life will be one of gilded misery, and her old age will be like a crag on the side of a desert mountain, where cold moonbeams sometimes glitter, but no birds sing, but wild beast howl and hoarse thunders roar, and through the sweeping storms shall be heard the stern voice of the great God, saying your riches are corrupted, your garments are moth eaten, your gold and silver are cankered, and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and eat your flesh as if it were fire."

"On the mud, the terrible mud, covering the crossings with an angry flood; on the pavement, over the street, soiling brogans and dainty feet; oh, how a fellow roars for blood when his polished-up boots slide in to the mud."

A BIG SNAKE STORY.

One morning my friend Wilson and I found ourselves amid a wild but stupendous piece of Mexican scenery. All of a sudden we were startled by a scream,—a shriek that could come from none but the throat of a frightened woman—and we stood still, so full of horror and wild alarm had been the cry. There was in front of us a rock. On one side led a path, on the other the same. From the other side of the barrier seemed to come the cry.

I arrived first on the spot, a cleared space hemmed in by rocks, and my eyes beheld what till then had never so expanded their sockets with horror. On the ground beside a bowlder, against which one exquisite bare arm, clasped with a jeweled bracelet, was stretched, lay a young Mexican girl of astonishing loveliness, her wonderful beauty veiled by a mass of black, wavy hair, that fell in a perfect cloud to her feet. She lay as still and white as one dead on the solid rock.

Horror froze me at the next sight. At the opposite side of the inclosure, and fifty feet away, was one of the largest serpents I ever saw. He was wriggling down from the rock, and his filthy head was already slowly approaching the girl.

The monstrous serpent—which I at once took for a species of anaconda—was slowly extending his slimy length toward his prey, his neck seeming to stretch like a mass of rubber out of the frightful folds on the rock; for the head and neck elongated, yet the horrible coil did not decrease. His short, forked tongue, darted forth vengefully, and his wicked, dull eyes snapped with diabolical eagerness, yet he steadily came on.

Serpent and girl were hardly sixteen yards apart, and the girl still lay as lifeless, to all appearances, as if the vital spark had fled.

"For heaven's sake, save her—drag her away!" yelled Wilson.

In his excitement her drew his revolver and fired a shot at the head of the snake, which had no effect.

The sound of his voice and the crack of the shot brought me to my senses, for I was standing like one paralyzed. With a spring or two I stood between the serpent and the girl, the attention of the former luckily a trifle distracted by Wilson's rash shot. I acted quickly, but the case seemed a desperate one.

A thrill seemed to go to my fingers' ends as I touched the form of the girl. She was wonderously beautiful; yet she lay motionless, every moulded contour of her figure in repose, white and rigid, classic as a marble statue of innocence itself.

I took the inanimate form of the girl in my arms and rushed away from the maw of the huge snake. In my excitement I could not help shuddering at the frightful presence of the serpent. Few would willingly be near such an object, and, whether by intuition or superstition I knew not, there seemed to be a full fascination, horrible, but irresistible, in the creature's presence. I rushed past Wilson with my burden. A torrent was at hand. I laid my frail burden on a mossy bed, while Wilson came to the spot opportunely, bringing with him a hatful of cold water.

A gentle application of this the first time produced no effect. A second and third, more violent, seemed fruitless. She lay like one dead. We became alarmed. Was she really dead? We bore her to the side of the boiling torrent, and poured the icy torrent on her pure forehead. All of a sudden she seemed to return to the possession of her senses. She started up, stared at us, in affright, gazed about her, and then seemed to be trying to recall the memory of all that had befallen her. All at once she clasped her hands to her face, and with a wild shriek of terror, she fell into my arms, crying out:

"Por Dios, le anaconda!"

Then she fainted again. The frightful encounter with the serpent had absolutely crazed the poor girl. Water was again applied, and this time she awoke with less difficulty than before. We watched the dark eyes unfold with no little apprehension. She regarded us with the same vacant stare. I said as soothing as I could:

"Don't fear, Senorita, you are among friends."

She seemed to gather her senses and take courage. After a little while she was enable to explain to us that she lived in the neighborhood with her father and family; that she had strolled out among the mountains further than usual on the present occasion; that she had sat down to rest, and that all of a sudden her appalled vision encountered the ugly head of the serpent advancing toward her. She screamed and fainted. We arrived on the scene a moment later, and the reader knows the rest.

We told her we were English travelers, that we could have no greater pleasure than to befriend her, and that we would see her home. This we did, and, having received the thanks of herself and relatives, we started to look again after the serpent.

The animal was either sunning himself or plotting more mischief in a state of deliberative repose—perhaps both. In size this was the largest specimen I ever saw, and as large as any truthful description I ever heard narrated. It was, I may safely say, with every regard for veracity, as large round as a man's body, and this in his ante breakfast condition. We stood looking at him with distended eyes as he lay in the sun, his back in the light gleaming like burnished brass. His was, however, a case that admitted of small delay. Should we at fact his attention we might not be objectionable to his palate for a repast.

"Hist!" said Wilson, "let's get in front of him if we can."

"So as to get a good chance at his eyes?"

"Yes; creep after me—still! He's in an admirable position."

We found ourselves on the top of the rocks at the opposite side of the enclosure.

The monster had not stirred. As we raised our rifles he began to twinkle his wicked eyes at us, seeing us for the first time. Even as we raised the hammer of our weapons he began to wriggle, preparatory to a motion toward us. Evidently he thought he should not be cheated out of his breakfast after all.

"Now, my boy, and look alive as soon as you fire! One, two, thr—"

Bang went both of our pieces simultaneously. The smoke rolled out. We ran along till we could see the effect of our shots. Both bullets seemed to have taken effect. The creature had drawn back as if stunned, with the blood flowing from his head, and his eyes apparently demolished. It was only for a moment, and then—well, I never before had an idea of the ferocity of sudden motion. He drew his immense length together, and then, like a thunderbolt, let himself fly into the air, at the cloud of smoke, with a force that made the joints and folds of his coat snap. Then he fell back and commenced to writhe and twist, uttering a peculiar and vengeful hiss, and a cry like an infant's.

While we reloaded, rage and pain seemed to get the mastery over him. He began to strike himself with his fangs, thrash about and raise a fearful commotion and a terrible dust. He grew every instant more violent. He would raise himself almost erect in the air, seemingly on the very tip of his tail, then fall suddenly and twist and bite himself in his agony.

We could not get another shot till he became more quiet. So we waited.

"See, he is trying to escape!" cried Wilson.

It was even so. He rattled at headlong speed down the mountain, over rocks, everything. We got on a tall rock, where we could overlook the scene.

A few hundred rods down the rocky descent was a precipice overhanging a densely-foliaged valley at least 400 feet below. In his present mad, blind course the serpent must go over its edge.

We stood, the spectators of the coming tragedy. And he did go over in our full view. What a fall was that! How many tons' weight I dare not guess. Down, down, he fell, coiled in a ball, a dense, black, wriggling mass. There was a small pond or stagnant pool in the valley, and it chanced to be directly below our blind serpent. I almost shut my eyes as the seconds passed. The tremendous mass cleared the precipice; the next instant there was a splash which threw the water high in huge jets, and emptied the pond, throwing out alligators, water snakes, and other aqueous monsters, and at the bottom, deep in the mud, lay the serpent. He writhed still, but the water came in and filled the pool again and drowned him.

The Literature of Crime.

America presents a most prolific field for cheap (*i. e. low* grade) literature; and as our boys and girls are essentially a reading class, and the demand for this literature is large, the bookstores and news-stands are stocked with it. An unnatural development of sentiment, at the expense of judgment, leads the young of both sexes to patronize that species of sensational romance, startling fiction, or even coarse vulgarity, that is so unsparingly meted out to them in the novels and story papers that have attained immense circulation in the land. They devour with avidity the account of imaginary adventures, and follow with all the interest of absolute reality, through the pages of these highly wrought literary productions the wavering fortunes of some fictitious hero or equally mythical heroine. And the same irresistible penchant for these sensational romances that has enthralled the intellects of much of our adult population has become a kind of second nature with our rising generation. It has become woven with their very being so that it would appear to be a necessary adjunct to their existence. They neglect the performance of their ordinary occupations and shirk the responsibilities of position or duty to indulge their propensities for such reading. It appears to carry with it a fascination, that imperceptibly steals over the sense of its votaries and chains their intellect to its dominion.

We advise parents to exclude from their homes the filthy story papers which constitute "the literature of crime," and we would warn them that when once a youth has yielded his undeveloped intellect to the subtile and poisonous influence, he endangers the safety of his intellectual aspirations. No more will he aspire to true and substantial literature; no more will his ambition prompt him to covet intellectual study; no more will he seek to make everything subservient to the increase of his intelligence and the proper culture of his genius and talents; solid literature will no longer have any charms for him as his tastes become submerged in the yawning gulf of debasement.

Many a young man of the brightest talents, whose career at school was honorable and successful, has thwarted his high anticipations by the habit of reading "the literature of crime." It is, then, the solemn duty of parents and guardians to see that their sons and daughters do not read the intellectual poison which can be found on the counter of nearly every periodical store in the land.

A MATERIALIZED HOLE.—Take a sheet of stiff writing paper and fold it into a tube an inch in diameter. Apply it to the right eye and look steadfastly through it, focusing the eye on any convenient object; keep the left eye open. Now place the left hand, held palm upward, edgeways against the side of the tube, and about an inch or two above its lower end. The astonishing effect will be produced of a hole, apparently the size of the cross section of the tube, made through the left hand. This is the hole in which we propose to materialize another and smaller hole. As we need a genuine aperture, and it would be inconvenient to make one in the left hand, let a sheet of white paper be substituted therefor and similarly held. Just at the part of the paper where the hole equaling in diameter the orifice of the tube appears make an opening a quarter of an inch in diameter. Now stare intently into the tube; and the second hole, defined by its difference of illumination, will be seen floating in the first hole, and yet both will be transparent. The illusion, for of course it is one of those odd pranks our binocular vision plays upon us, is certainly one of the most curious ever devised. Besides, here is the actual hole clearly visible, and yet there is no solid body to be seen to define its edges. It is not a mere spot of light, because if a page of print be regarded, the lines within the boundaries of the little hole will not coincide at all with those surrounding it and extending to the edges of the large apparent aperture. Each eye obviously transmits an entirely different impression to the brain, and that organ, unable to disentangle them, lands us in the palpable absurdity of a materialized hole.

DU CHAILLU doesn't wonder that polygamy is popular in Africa, where women do most of the work, and don't require expensive outlays for dress. He saw an African chief who had 300 wives, and the whole lot hadn't three cents, worth of day goods about them.

The Story of a Picture and a Poem.

THE PICTURE.

You all remember, dear young folks, says the Philadelphia *Catholic Standard*, the great Centennial Exhibition out at Fairmount Park nearly two years ago. Well, when you walked through Memorial Hall with your mammas and papas, did you not see upon one of the walls of the Art Gallery a beautiful picture of a lady with a lovely little boy upon her lap who was trying to grasp at a bunch of purple grapes which his mamma held high above his head? It was a valuable picture, and people who know a great deal about such things praised it very much. One day a young girl came and stood in front of it. Her name was Angie; and she had rosy cheeks and large dark eyes, and her face and form seemed full of happy health. After she had gazed awhile at the pretty picture, she smiled to herself, and wrote down some lines in her little note-book. A few weeks passed quickly by, and in a darkened room many people gathered around a young girl's coffin. Waxen candles burned at its head upon a snowy altar, and sweet flowers were scattered upon the shroud—*Angie's* shroud—for Angie it was who lay there in her pure white dress, her bright eyes closed in death, and her cheeks, no longer rosy, half hidden by the long white veil. In spite of her youth, in spite of her happy health, the angel of Death had come suddenly and snatched her away from her mamma and her papa and her brother and the dear home she loved so well.

A summer's grass had already grown green upon her grave when an old friend, turning over the leaves of a book belonging to the dead girl, came upon the little poem that Angie wrote, months before, upon the pretty picture in the Art Gallery of the Centennial.

Here are the lines, dear young folks, and when you have read them, think how little the young author of them thought of death when she stood before the picture, bright and strong, writing her little poem; and ask yourselves in turn: "If our dear Lord should call *me* out of life as suddenly as He did young Angie, (and who can say that He will not?) *am I prepared to go, like her, before His pure and holy throne?*"

THE POEM.

Mother's darling, little Charlie,
Seated on her fancy knee,
Says in tones of childish pleading,
"Mamma, give some grapes to me!"

"Yes, my precious, you shall have them,"
And she holds the bunch aloft.
"You can have them when you reach them,"
(Addeth she in accents soft).

Vainly struggles little Charlie,
Tries and tries, but all in vain;
Tries until, his hopes departing,
Bitter tears begin to rain.

Tears in eyes so blue and sunny?
Mamma cannot bear the sight,
As she clasps the dear one to her,
Kissing off the tears so bright;

Then she gives the grapes delicious
To the sobbing little one;
And she talks in words of comfort
Till the shining tears are gone.

Would that all our many sorrows
Could as quickly pass away
As the tears of little Charlie,
With the passing of a day.

A DOG DETECTIVE.—A well dressed young woman entered a restaurant not far from the terminus of the Orleans Railway, Paris, and told the waiter to bring her in all haste a basin of soup, as she was about to take her departure on the next train. This was immediately done, and after having eaten it and paid the waiter, she was hurrying away, saying that she should certainly be late, when she perceived her passage barred by a large dog, which refused to let her pass. She attempted by caresses to put it aside, but the animal held firm and opposed her way.

"I shall certainly be late!" cried she. "Do take away that horrible dog!"

The waiter and the master cried out, "Vidocq, Vidocq, give way, sir!" but the dog never stirred.

One of the waiters here whispered something to the master, who coming up to the young woman, said:

"If my dog prevents your leaving the premises the reason must be that you have some of the property belonging to the house about you. You had better give it up at once and go your way."

The person thus addressed at first affected great indignation at being so accused, but at last drew out a silver spoon, which she handed to the owner of the restaurant. The dog then allowed her to pass, and she was hurrying off when she was seized by her mantle and forced to stop. This time it was by a police agent, who had been on the lookout for several persons suspected of being concerned in a robbery, and who, it was thought, might attempt to get off by the railway. She was arrested, and on examination her mantle was found to be furnished with immense pockets for receiving pilfered goods. It is said this is not the first time that the dog belonging to the restaurant has shown himself a faithful guardian of his master's property.

ASTONISHING EFFECT OF THE IMAGINATION.—A strange case is that of Henry C. Eshman, who lives near the boundary of Berks county, not far from Sweetwood, and is the owner of considerable property. Up to within several weeks ago he was hale and hearty. Notwithstanding his abundance of this world's goods, he generally wore one suit of clothes during the week and on Sunday. Several weeks ago he was startled because he imagined that a very offensive odor either came from his ears or mouth, or the pores of the skin. He was greatly alarmed, and imagined he was sinking into galloping consumption, and was gradually decaying. He was unable to sleep, became haggard and emaciated, and even his friends began to imagine that his end was near at hand. He dressed himself regularly, and was determined to keep on his feet. He went into the fields and in the woods, determined to fight down his disease, but wherever he went the same dreadful stench and feeling came over him. Finally, an old woodchopper met him in the woods one day. The woodsman had a long talk with him, and he stood quite close to examine him. Then the woodsman asked the sickman for his coat. It was examined. The woodsman carried it away twenty yards, and it was discovered that the stench followed. The coat was thoroughly examined, and a dead mouse was found in the lining. The mouse had by some means gotten in the lining of his coat and died there, and its decaying body caused the unpleasant effluvia. When this was known the sufferer gained courage, and as he slowly realized what imagination had done, he rallied and was soon on the road to health.

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

FRIDAY, - - - MARCH 8, 1878.

THE following notice would seem to indicate that "business" had begun:

The members of the Democratic State Committee are requested to meet at Harrisburg, on Tuesday, March, 19, at 12 m., to fix upon a time and place of meeting of the next Democratic State Convention.

WILLIAM MCCLELLAND, Chairman.
Pittsburgh, March 2, 1 78.

THE treaty of peace between Russia and Turkey was signed on Saturday last at San Stefano, a few miles west of Constantinople. The terms of the treaty are not fully known, but it is understood that Austria is satisfied and that England will finally acquiesce in its stipulations. The war indemnity to be paid by Turkey is only a title of what it was originally represented to be, and the Turkish navy will not pass into the possession of Russia.

THE Prohibition party will hold its State convention at Altoona on the 23d of May to nominate candidates for Governor, Lieutenant Governor, Secretary of Internal Affairs and Judge of the Supreme Court. While the other parties are profoundly agitated by financial questions—the silver dollar, greenback, and specie resumption—how happy and contented is the advocate of cold water, pursuing the even tenor of his way and sitting under his own vine and fig tree with none to molest or make him afraid!

BEN. HILL, of Georgia, has fairly earned for himself the title of the original Jim Crow of the United States Senate. When the silver bill was under discussion in that body Hill delivered a very able speech in opposition to it, and in his own vigorous and expressive language denounced it as "*a pickpocket bill.*" When the bill was returned with a veto, Benjamin wilted like a cowardly bully, turned about and wheeled about, and voted squarely for it. He now stands in the front rank of political trimmers who

"See the right and they approve it, too;
Condemn the wrong and yet the wrong pursue."

THE *Irish World*, a very able paper published in New York, issued a double number, finely illustrated, on Monday last, the centennial anniversary of the birth of Robert Emmet, Ireland's young and unfortunate patriot. The paper is principally taken up with a narrative of the events in Emmet's life, together with a history of the struggles for Irish liberty made by her brave sons at the close of the last and the commencement of the present century, and furnishes altogether a large amount of intensely interesting and instructive reading matter, which every true patriot, no matter what his nationality, will take pleasure in perusing.

THE New Hampshire election for Governor and members of the Legislature will take place on Tuesday next. Prescott, the present Republican Governor, is a candidate for re-election, and has for his opponent Frank McKean, Democrat. At the election last year Prescott's majority was 4,000. The campaign has been remarkably quiet, and the Democrats are not without well grounded hopes of success. The Greenback party, we believe, has no separate organization in the State, nor has the temperance party, which usually polls from 300 to 500 votes, any candidate in the field so far as we can learn. Prescott is a warm friend of Hayes, and that fact may possibly lead to his defeat.

BENJAMIN F. WADE died at his home in Jefferson, Ohio, on Saturday last, in the 73th year of his age. He was born in Massachusetts and emigrated to Ohio when he was eighteen years old. He afterwards studied law, was a member of the State Senate, and served three terms in the Senate of the United States, commencing in 1852. Having been a partner with Joshua R. Giddings in practicing law, and having learned all his politics from that distinguished abolitionist, Mr. Wade was always an intense anti-slavery man. The abolition of slavery was his ruling passion and his sole object until it was finally uprooted. When Lincoln died and Andrew Johnson succeeded him, Mr. Wade was elected President *pro tem* of the Senate and acting Vice President. Had Johnson been convicted on his impeachment trial, instead of being acquitted by *one* vote, Wade would have served as President for the remainder of the term. He possessed none of the qualities of true greatness, but was gifted with large shrewdness, vast political cunning and stubborn force of will. In his private life he had many warm friends and bitter enemies.

AN American artist, Carpenter, painted a life size picture of President Lincoln signing the emancipation proclamation, surrounded by his cabinet. The painting was purchased by a New York lady, Mrs. Thompson, and presented by her to Congress. The speech of Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, on the occasion of the reception of the painting by the Senate and House of Representatives, three or four weeks ago, attracted very marked attention and caused President Barnard, of Columbia College, N. Y., to address a letter to Mr. Stephens, in which he says:

"I want to thank you with all my heart for your very beautiful, judicious and patriotic address on the occasion of the presentation and reception of the Carpenter picture of Lincoln. It is indeed a marvelous thing how, after her trials, the South still continues to maintain her noble pre-eminence in statesmanship and in moral dignity; and still more marvelous, perhaps, that one who has been so conspicuous in the councils of the nation before the war, and also during the progress of the painful struggle had been identified with qual prominence with the Southern cause, should continue after all to command equally North and South, a homage, a respect and confidence which is awarded by the people to hardly any other. It is a beautiful and a noble tribute to the character always consistently distinguished for unselfish devotion to principle and to a tone of sentiment so far elevated above the base and mean passions which disfigure so much of our public life, as to be almost without a parallel. The second address to which I have referred is in perfect harmony with this character, and it has been read with deep gratification by millions of your countrymen."

THE course of legislation in the House of Representatives at Harrisburg, on Tuesday and Wednesday of last week, was very peculiar, and demonstrated once more the power of the Camerom ring. On the day first named the iniquitous Recorder's bill for Philadelphia came before the House on its final passage. The henchmen of Secretary Quay, for whose benefit the bill is intended, did not entertain any doubt of their ability to pass it, while its opponents had but little hope of its defeat. Of the nine Democratic (so called) members from Philadelphia, where the people and the press are of one mind in opposition to the project, Mr. Faunce was the only one who opposed it. He fought the bill ably and vigorously and showed clearly that it violated several provisions of the new constitution. Of his eight faithless colleagues it can only be said that they are fair samples of the men usually sent by the Democracy of the metropolis to represent them in the lower branch of the Legislature. The race of the Sam Josephs' school of statesmen is evidently far from being extinct in the Democratic districts in that city, and bids fair to enjoy a long lease of political life. To the utter confusion of the ring, when the final vote was taken the bill was defeated, having received only 95 votes, or *six* less than a majority of the whole house. Sixteen Republican members had the courage to assert their own convictions of duty and voted against it. Maddened by this unexpected and severe defeat, Quay and his retainers spent the night in putting things in such a shape as to render the passage of the bill the next day absolutely certain. On Wednesday the vote on the bill was reconsidered, and under the operation of the previous question was passed by 107 yeas to 74 nays. The consummation of this job is alone due to the treachery of the Democratic members from Philadelphia, who, with the solitary exception, as we have stated, of Mr. Faunce, gave the bill their support. It is hard to believe that they are natural fools, and the only other explanation of their conduct is that they are corrupt, which is rarely not a violent presumption regarding a majority of the Philadelphia members of both parties. The bill was sent to the Senate and has been reported with an amendment, which it is said will materially reduce the fees of the office, but that is not a sufficient reason to induce the Democratic members of that body to withdraw their opposition to it. The bill is clearly unconstitutional, and no Democrat can ever favor a project which invests Governor Hartranft, or any other man who may become Governor, with the power to fill an office by appointment for the period of *ten years*. There is some prospect that the measure will be defeated in the Senate, but be that as it may, Hartranft's nomination of his own and Cameron's man, Quay, for Recorder can be effectually defeated by the Democratic Senators voting solidly against his confirmation. Let it be done though the heavens should fall.

ON yesterday week Mr. Hayes sent a message to Congress setting forth his reasons for refusing to approve the silver bill. The veto will be found published in another part of our paper to-day. After a debate of one hour in the House, the bill was passed over the veto by 196 yeas to 73 nays, being 16 more than *two-thirds*. The vote in the Senate stood 46 yeas to 19 nays, being *two* votes over two-thirds. In the House 118 Democrats and 75 Republicans voted for the bill, and 20 Democrats and 53 Republicans voted against it. In the Senate 25 Democrats and 21 Republicans voted for the bill, and 9 Democrats and 10 Republicans voted against it. Taking the vote in both houses, the bill received 143 Democratic votes and 99 Republican votes, and was voted against by 29 Democrats and 63 Republicans. The Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Sherman, although opposed to the bill, says that he will promptly carry out its provisions, and it is expected that in a few days the three government mints at Philadelphia, San Francisco and Carson City, Nevada, will be engaged to their full capacity in coining the new dollar. The bill requires the Secretary to have coined every month not less than *two* nor more than *four* millions of dollars worth of silver bullion. It is thought that the three mints can turn out *three* millions of dollars every month.

IT is the practice of hotel keepers everywhere to sell liquor until the polls open on election day, and also after they are closed, the act of Assembly of March 13th, 1872, having authorized them to do so. But that act was repealed by the Act of April 12 h, 1875—the present license law—which makes it illegal to sell liquor on election day, whether sold before or after the closing of the polls, as any one can see who will read the *eleventh* section of the act referred to. Two weeks ago, Judge Ross, of the Bucks district, delivered an opinion at Norristown in which he decided the law to be as we have stated, and the defendant, Francis M. Kane, a landlord, was accordingly convicted. If tavern keepers, therefore, want to keep out of the Quarter Session, they had better conform to Judge Ross' decision.

—The Harrisburg *Patriot* says that the Fish Commissioners of the State have now 500,000 brook trout, 200,000 California salmon, 150,000 salmon trout and landlocked salmon and Kennebec salmon for distribution, between this date and April 1st. Persons desiring fish, communicating with H. J. Reeder, esq., at Easton, for the eastern part of the State, James Duffy, at Marietta, for the middle, and B. L. Hewitt, esq., at Hollidaysburg, for the western district, will receive attention. The landlocked salmon are for lakes; the Kennebec and California salmon for water leading to the sea, and the salmon trout for deep cool streams. The nearest railroad station to the place of deposit, name of party to receive and the kind of water, must be particularly described in sending orders.

—At Hawburn's drug store, in Marlin, Falls county, Texas, the relics of an antediluvian giant, the knee cap and joints and shin bones, all perfectly petrified, and found on the river bank at Campbell's Ferry. They are a huge set of bones, the knee cap and joints being as large as Gov. Coke's head,

Veto of the Silver Bill.

The following veto of the Silver bill was sent to Congress by Mr. Hayes on yesterday week:

After a careful consideration of House bill 1,093, entitled "An act to authorize the coinage of the standard silver dollar and to restore its legal tender character," I feel compelled to return it to the House of Representatives, in which it originated, with my objections to its passage. Holding the opinion which I expressed in my annual message, "that neither the interests of the government nor the people of the United States would be promoted by disparaging silver as one of the two precious metals which furnish the coinage of the world, and that legislation which looks to maintaining the volume of intrinsic money to as full a measure of both metals as their relative commercial values will permit, would be neither unjust nor inexpedient," it has been my earnest desire to concur with Congress in the adoption of such measures to increase the silver coinage of the country as would not impair the obligation of contracts, either public or private, nor injuriously affect the public credit. It is only upon the conviction that this bill does not meet these essential requirements that I feel it my duty to withhold from it my approval. My present official duty as to this bill permits only an attention to the specific objections to its passage, which seems to me so important as to justify me in asking from the wisdom and duty of Congress that further consideration of the bill for which the Constitution has in such cases provided.

NINETY-TWO CENTS FOR A DOLLAR.

The bill provides for the coinage of silver dollars of the weight of 412½ grains each of standard silver, to be a legal tender at their nominal value for all debts and dues, public and private, except where otherwise expressly stipulated in the contracts. It is well known that the market value of that number of grains of standard silver during the past year has been from ninety to ninety-two cents, as compared with the standard gold dollar. Thus the silver dollar authorized by this bill is worth 8 to 10 per cent. less than it purports to be worth, and is made a legal tender for debts contracted when the law did not recognize such coins as lawful money. The right to pay duties in silver or in certificates of silver deposits will, when they are issued in sufficient amount to circulate, put an end to the receipts of revenues in gold and thus compel the payment of silver for both the principal and interest of the public debt. $1,145,493,400 of the bonded debt now outstanding was issued prior to February, 1873, when the silver dollar was unknown in circulation in this country, and was only a convenient form of silver bullion for exportation. $583,440,350 of the funded debt has been issued since February, 1873, when gold alone was the coin for which the bonds were sold, and gold alone was the coin in which both parties to the contract understood that the bonds would be paid. These bonds entered into the markets of the world. They were sold for in gold when silver had greatly depreciated and when no one would have bought them if it had been understood that they would be paid in silver. The sum of $225,000,000 of these bonds has been sold during my administration for gold coin, and the United States receives the benefit of these sales by a reduction of the rate of interest to four per cent. During the progress of these sales a doubt was suggested as to the coin in which payment of these bonds would be made. The public announcement was thereupon authorized that it was "not to be anticipated that any further legislation of Congress or any action of any department of the government would sanction or tolerate the redemption of the principal of these bonds or the payment of the interest thereon in coin of less value than the coin authorized by law at the time of the issue of the bonds, being the coin expected by the government in exchange for the same." In view of these facts it will be justly regarded as a grave breach of the public faith to undertake to pay these bonds, principal or interest, in silver coin worth in the market less than the coin received for them. It is said that the silver dollar, made a legal tender by this bill, will, under its operation, be equivalent in value to the gold dollar. Many supporters of the bill believe this, and would not justify an attempt to pay debts, either public or private, in coin of inferior value to the money of the world.

A GRAVE DEFECT.

The capital defect of the bill is that it contains no provision protecting from its operation pre-existing debts in case the coinage which it creates shall continue to be of less value than that which was the sole legal tender when they were contracted. If it is now proposed, for the purpose of taking advantage of the depreciation of silver in the payment of debts, to coin and make a legal tender a silver dollar of less commercial value than any dollar, whether of gold or paper, which is now lawful money in this country, such measure, it will hardly be questioned, will, in the judgment of mankind, be an act of bad faith. As to all debts heretofore contracted the silver dollar should be made a legal tender only at its market value. The standard of value should not be changed without the consent of both parties to the contract. National promises should be kept with unflinching fidelity. There is no power to compel a nation to pay its just debts. Its credit depends on its honor. The nation owes what it has led or allowed its creditors to expect. I cannot approve a bill which, in my judgment, authorizes the violation of sacred obligations. The obligation of the public faith transcends all questions of profit or public advantage. Its unquestionable maintenance is the dictate as well of the highest expediency as of the most necessary duty, and should ever be carefully guarded by the Executive, by Congress and by the people. It is my firm conviction that if the country is to be benefitted by a silver coinage, it can be done only by the issue of silver dollars of full value, which will detraud no man. A currency worth less than it purports to be worth will in the end defraud not only creditors, but all Who are engaged in legitimate business, and none more surely than those who are dependent on their daily labor for their daily bread.

R. B. HAYES.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, February 28, 1878.

A THREE LEGGED RUNAWAY MATCH.—The Lancaster *Daily Era* of the 1st inst. tells how one of the fair daughters of that city eloped with a one-legged peanut peddler. Here is the story:

It is said that a young lady of this city, of literary taste, delivered an essay at a certain place on Monday evening and, after reading it, hurried away. Rumor has it that she eloped that night with a "small fruit" merchant, and that she was traced as far as Harrisburg, where the trail was lost. May she never regret the step she has taken, and, although her husband deals in "small fruits," may this act never result in "fruits meet for repentance."

Since the above was written, the affair has gotten into the hands of the police, and is a public matter. In sympathy for the almost distracted parents of the young lady, we withhold her name, merely stating that she is a graduate of the Lancaster Girl's High School, is quite accomplished, very pretty, and is the daughter of respectable parents. The man of her choice is Wallace Fillmer, a one-legged peanut vender, who had a stand in front of the Globe Hotel, this city, and who was arrested a couple of days ago on suspicion of having been concerned in the three hundred dollar robbery at Roop's (Globe) hotel a couple of weeks ago. Mr. Grier, the father-in-law of Mr. Roop, made complaint against Fillmer a couple of days ago. He was arrested and taken before Alderman Spurrier, where he was searched—even to taking off his wooden leg—but only 85 cents were found upon him and he was discharged. On Monday night he eloped with the young lady in question and was traced to Harrisburg, which city they reached at midnight, and at 4 o'clock yesterday morning they took their departure for Pittsburg. The detectives are still on their track, new evidence against Fillmer having developed since his departure.

The parents of the imprudent young lady received a letter from her yesterday, dated Harrisburg, in which she makes the declaration that she was married to Fillmer about two weeks ago. The case is a sad one, taken in all its aspects, and no one can account for the infatuation which led the girl to forsake home, parents, everything that was dear, for one whose reputation was such as Fillmer's.

IN a letter to the New York *Sun* of Saturday, ex-Governor Moses tells how the returns from South Carolina were manipulated in the last Presidential election. He declare that when they first came in to the Returning Board *it was found that Tilden had carried the State by over one thousand majority of strictly legal votes.* A number of Republican counties were tampered with to increase their majorities. The proof exists. Moses says:

A moderately prominent and worthy Republican living in Columbia has in his possession one of the pages of paper on which the figuring was done, all the characters of which, with the names of the counties, are in the handwriting of F. L. Cardoza, one of the members of the Board. The returns from Charlestown, Georgetown and Darlington counties were the ones which were tampered with, and in which sufficient votes were altered to give the State to Hayes.

—A horrible occurrence took place on Friday night at Fish Landing Point, on the Illinois bank of the Mississippi, about thirty miles below St. Louis. At about 10 o'clock in the evening a German resident of the place, named Moritz Keyser, went to a grocery store and purchased a gallon can of coal oil, which he took to his home. On arriving there, he attempted to fill a lamp, when the oil caught fire and an explosion occurred, which scattered the burning fluid all over the cabin and its occupants. The entire family, consisting of husband, wife and six children, were burned to death.

A Wedding and a Murder.

THE SHOCKING TRAGEDY THAT FOLLOWED THE MARRIAGE OF A NORTH CAROLINA BELLE.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., March 2.—Information was received here this evening of a scandal which led to a tragedy in Clay county. The location is in the chain of the Blue Ridge, in the western part of this State. Miss Ada McClay is the daughter of the late Richard McClay, who was a wealthy and esteemed farmer and politician of the county just named. She is twenty-two years of age, beautiful, refined and accomplished. She was educated at a seminary in Lexington, Ky., having graduated there with the usual honors about four years ago. Just after leaving her *alma mater* she made her debut at the White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia, and has visited that place of fashionable resort every summer since.

It seems that a year ago last summer she met there a Mr. Wm. P. Shelburne. The couple fell in love; courtship followed, and they were betrothed. He lived in New Orleans, and had visited Miss McClay only three or four times at her home in Clay county, but had kept up a regular correspondence. He had not seen her for ten months until last Monday, when he came to fulfil his plighted troth. The day set was the 1st inst—yesterday. They were duly married the nuptial ceremony taking place at noon. The company in attendance was not large, but was elegant.

The afternoon and evening were spent in wedding festivities, and it was a late hour when the bride and groom retired for rest. But when Shelbourne discovered that his bride was *enceinte*. He threatened to kill her in his frenzy, and only desisted on the condition that she would reveal the name of her seducer. This she refused to do at first, but finally told him that Simpson Forrester was the man. He lived adjoining the McClay mansion, and had recently graduated at one of the colleges in Virginia. He was only twenty-two years of age, but had the reputation of being gallant, and at the White Sulphur last summer was a favorite. Shelburne's bride declared that he had accomplished her ruin five months ago, and that she had sworn never to betray him. He visited the house like an intimate friend, and last night he was one of the gayest of the gay at the festal board.

At 6 o'clock this morning Shelburne pulled on his clothes, armed himself with a double barrelled shout gun and went to Forrester's home. The young bride followed, beseeching him not to shoot her destroyer; that she had forgiven him. But Shelburne was determined. He aroused the Forrester family, consisting of two or three sisters and the mother, and called for the guilty man. Forrester feigned surprise when he faced Shelburne, and denied knowing anything about the lady's shame. Only a few words ensued, when Shelburne banged away, discharging a load of buckshot into the shoulder of his enemy, who had no weapon of defense. The wounded man exclaimed: "I am killed, and have deserved it all!" The second barrel was not fired, for Shelburne, thinking the man dead, turned and saw that his wife, who witnessed the affair had fainted. The murderer took a horse from the stable of Mrs. McClay and fled the country, going in the direction of Tennessee.

The news of the tragedy soon spread. Special Constable Dolley gathered a party of men and went in pursuit. The excitement in the neighborhood was intense. Dr. Heather was summoned to attend the dying man. His wounds were dressed, but little hopes are entertained of his recovery. To add to the scandal the bride gave birth in a few hours after the tragedy to a premature child. No such sensation has happened in this out of the way place since the Johnson-Williams shooting affray ten years ago.

A FIERCE TORNADO AND LOSS OF LIFE IN KENTUCKY.—A Stanford (Ky.) special to the Louisville *Courier Journal* says: A terrible tornado 400 yards in width swept through Casey county between 2 and 3 o'clock Saturday afternoon, doing frightful damage in the neighborhood of Rich Hill and Mount Olive. Vincent Wesley, his wife, two grown daughters, a nephew named Sloan, and William Taylor, a neighbor, who was stopping at his house near Rich Hill, were killed outright. A man named Richardson had his shoulder and collar bone frightfully crushed. Mrs. Wesley's body was blown 400 yards and entirely stripped of clothing. Her two daughters were carried fifty yards and were found locked in each other's arms. The father and nephew were terribly mangled, and all must have suffered instant death. The dwellings, stables and out houses were entirely blown away, logs being scattered for many yards along the path of the tornado, and hearth and foundation stones blown from their places.

In the vicinity of Mount Olive Mrs. Morgan, wife of John W. Morgan, was killed and the dwelling and out-houses of F. Floyd were completely swept away and the timbers scattered in every direction. In the village of Mount Olive several houses were swept away and the remainder otherwise injured. Fences were blown away along the whole course of the tornado. Post and rail fences were drawn out and torn into splinters and utterly destroyed. Large trees were twisted from their roots and carried hundreds of yards. A considerable number of horses, cattle and other stock and nearly all the poultry in its course were killed. The pecuniary damage is not less than $50,000.

A GREAT SCANDAL CASE.—A special dispatch from Cincinnati to the Philadelphia *Times*, dated March 3d, says that the first act in the great Tytus-Dickey scandal came to its conclusion at Hamilton about one o'clock that morning, the jury finding John B. Tytus guilty of breach of promise and assessing damages at six thousand dollars. The interest in the case was so great that crowds of people remained up till after midnight to hear the verdict. The trial occupied just a week. The testimony adduced as to the existence of a marriage contract was slight, but it was sufficient to satisfy a majority of the public. The next step will be a criminal trial, which will come on in about three weeks. The complications growing out of the case multiply, several personal encounters and threats of duels being among the latest. A rumor is afloat to the effect that Tytus' wife, who was a wealthy heiress, will abandon him, should the next suit go against him. It is understood that Miss Dickey has had more than one eligible offer of marriage since her troubles began, and that when she has fully vindicated her character from the assaults which the defense have made upon it will accept one of them. She is a woman of fine appearance and engaging manners, and, until recently, has been popular in the best circles of Middletown and Cincinnati. Several libel suits and burglary cases growing out of the scandal are still pending.

—The enormous number of 2,470,000 hogs has been cut up in Chicago during the four months ending March 1, which embrace what is usually called the packing season. This exceeds by about 500,000 head the total number cut up in Cincinnati, St. Louis, Louisville, Indianapolis, and Milwaukee. The Chicago aggregate for the past twelve months is 3,940,000 against 2,938,496 for the twelve months next preceding.

News and Other Notings.

—Smallpox is alarmingly prevalent on the southside of Pittsburg.

—One hundred and seventy-six persons died from smallpox in St. Etienne, France, in six weeks.

—Mr. Wallace, of Rawdon, N. S., has lost nine children within sixteen days; disease—diphtheria.

—Jaffrain, a skater at the Casino, at Brussels, has just won a bet by skating ten hours without a stop.

—General Beauregard was chief marshal of the grand street pageant in honor of the late Pope in New Orleans.

—A North Carolina woman used her baby as a missile so effectively as to knock her husband down, but it killed the child.

—A family near Evansville, Ind., consisting of father, mother, and son, have all committed suicide within the past four months.

—Ebenezer Haskell of Philadelphia has expressed in his will a desire to be cremated and placed, in the form of ashes, under a rose bush.

—It snowed once in Lisbon, Portugal, during the past winter for the first time since 1840. Similar slight falls occurred in 1837 and 1839.

—Governor McClellan and wife surprised the aristocratic people of Trenton by making the acquaintance of most of the poor families in the town.

—Since the murderers in Iowa would not follow the example of the state in ceasing to kill, the legislature has concluded to restore the death penalty.

—It is said that a lineal descendant of the Dutch statesman, ambassador and poet, Jacob Cats, who lived two centuries ago, now dwells in Pittsburgh.

—A Cincinnati man named Sullivan dropped dead from aneurism of the aorta, the result of exertion and excitement, while in the act of chastising his son.

—Sol. Foster, jr., editor of the Pottsville *Evening Chronicle*, was cowhided on Saturday by T. B. Fielders, editor of the *Miners' Journal*, of the same place.

—The Papal palace of Castel Gandolfo, the summer residence of the Popes, near Albano, a village ten miles outside of Rome, is to be restored for the reception of the new Pope.

—Mrs. Phillips, of Hopkins, Ky., went out to shoot her husband, from whom she had parted, and who was throwing stones at her house. By a mistaken aim she killed her brother.

—The Catholic benevolent societies of Louisville will not parade on St. Patrick's Day, but devote the money usually expended on music to charitable objects. That's the right spirit.

—James Spence, of Elkhorn, Armstrong county, married his stepmother a few days ago, his father having died several years ago. Young Spence is now the father of several of his brothers.

—Madison county, Fla., claims the honor of the tallest family in the country. The father is represented to be 7 feet 4; the mother 6 feet 8; two sons are 7 feet 3, and one daughter is 7 feet 9.

—A young woman of Newburg, Wis., severely thrashed her father because he would not raise $500 to give her as a dowry, in order to marry a man who wanted his wife to have that sum.

—A mouse placed in a box with three rattlesnakes at Anna, Ill., killed one of the snakes, while the two remaining ones showed the greatest fear of the little beast, watching every move it made.

—There has been a frightful outbreak of small-pox in Rientort, in the Department of Lozere, in France. The population of the commune has been decimated and nearly all the inhabitants are sick.

—William Pavitt, of St. Paul, on being arrested for branding his unruly son's tongue with a hot iron, said that things had come to a pretty pass when a parent could not discipline his own children.

—Geo. Ladd, a mathematical prodigy, died at the poor farm at Brattleboro, Vt., last week. Although without even a common school education, he could instantly solve many of the most difficult problems.

—Winston Anderson, who attempted to outrage a little girl, near Clarksville, Tenn., was taken from the jail on Friday night by a large body of armed men, and his body was found on Saturday morning hung to a tree.

—A pleasant feature of the Protestant Orphans' Fair at St. Paul last week was the liberal contribution of money and articles made by the Jews and Catholics, and notably by the Sisters of the Good Shepherd.

—Cardinal Franchi has been confirmed Pontificial Secretary of State; Cardinal Simeoni, Prefect of Propaganda; Cardinal Marichini, Camerlengo; and Cardinal Bartolini, President of the Congregation of Rites.

—While John Burden and his wife and child were crossing the railroad track, in Dodgeville, Conn., in a wagon, on Friday morning, they were struck by a train. Mrs. Burden was killed, and her husband severely injured.

—Father Guillaume, the priest of Russell township, near Ottawa, recently arrived at the Canadian capital conveying a train of eighty-five cords of wood, the gift of his parishioners to the poor of the city without regard to nationality or creed.

—A fire at Forsyth, Ga., Monday morning destroyed the hotel, bank and six stores, causing a loss of $30,000, mostly covered by insurance. A number of persons were seriously injured, and it is feared others were buried by falling walls.

—Commodore D. Curtis, a farmer, fifty years old, was shot through the heart and killed at his house, near Mount Vernon, Ind., one day last week, by his step-son, aged thirteen. Curtis was trying to murder his wife in a drunken spree, and the boy got a gun and shot him.

—Still another wonderful clock is being exhibited in Reading. It was made by a man named Troutman, of Donaldson, Schuylkill county, and has ships and apostles and Modoc warriors and Jonah and the whale and a great many other things that couldn't be brought together except in this way.

—John Barry, a night watchman on the Michigan Central Railroad, went to his home at Jackson, Mich., a few mornings ago, and found his wife a corpse, sitting up in bed, and his child almost dead, from the effects of gas from a coal stove (a gas-burner) which had not been properly regulated. The child died a little later.

—A special from Illinois says that the neighbors discovered the house of Montz Kaiser, at Fish Landing, on the Mississippi, fifteen miles south of Waterloo, on fire Friday morning. The structure was almost consumed before the flames were observed. The charred bodies of Kaiser, his wife, and six children were taken from the ruins.

—Sharpsburg, Ky., has a natural mathematician in Reuben Fields, who, while he knows not one figure from another, correctly solves intricate problems in his mind, without hesitation, computes the time of day almost in an instant, and tells how many revolutions the driving wheel of a locomotive will make between given points. He cannot read or write.

—We have veritable hermits in these days. John J. Ball, the hermit of Cavan's Point, N. Y., who died last week, was a recluse of the ancient pattern. He lived in a cabin, with thirteen dogs, and would allow no human being to cross his threshold. He was 76 years old; was in Florida at the time of the Seminole war; was a soldier in the Mexican war, and served in the army of the Potomac. He died with the names of his dogs on his lips.

That old Brick Building at 6th and Market in Philadelphia where Wanamaker and Brown STARTED to earn a good name by making ONLY Real Good Clothing is this year 'Full and running over' with that kind of Clothing that Men and Boys may = DEPEND ON Please Call W&B Oak Hall.

SHOPPING BY MAIL.

STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER desire to make known to consumers who find it inconvenient to visit the city every time DRY GOODS are needed, that our Mail Order Department is so perfected that shopping may be done while sitting comfortably at home as satisfactorily as at our counters.

All that is necessary is to address to us a letter mentioning the kind of goods desired, and SAMPLES to select from will be immediately forwarded. Orders are filled at the identical prices for which the goods are that day sold over the counters. The expense, trouble and fatigue of going to the city are avoided and the goods are selected from as choice an assortment as would be inspected were our establishment visited in person.

For years we have made this peculiar branch of the Dry Goods business a favorite study, and the success of our MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT is attested by the fact that an order is rarely filled without making a permanent customer of the person ordering. Every order, be it for a yard of muslin or a wedding trousseau, meets with the most careful and prompt attention.

SAMPLES of all kinds of DRY GOODS, SILKS, DRESS GOODS, PRINTS, LINENS, FLANNELS, CLOTHS, etc., with *widths* and *prices* correctly marked, promptly forwarded on application.

STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER,

N. W. COR. EIGHTH AND MARKET STREETS,

PHILADELPHIA.

—The Brazilian Minister resident in Washington, has officially notified the Messrs. Collins, of Philadelphia, that he is instructed by his government to say that colored citizens of the United States, with passports, can go to Brazil to engage in any pursuits, and enjoy the full protection of the government. This is an important concession made by the Brazillian Government to facilitate the enterprise of American citizens now engaged in the construction of railways in that Empire.

—Jack Rover went to California from New York in 1850, and after a long career in loaferism was hanged for murder about two weeks ago. He refused up to the day of execution to accept any religious attention, and then conditionally became a Catholic. He was hopeful that his sentence would be changed to imprisonment, and he said that if his life was spared he didn't need any religion; but if he had to die he preferred to be a Catholic, because he had a high opinion of priests and Sisters of Charity.

—William Q. Greenley, who shot Ida Kersey in Indianapolis, has been convicted of murder in the first degree. Both of them were married, and members of a church choir. They fell in love with one another, and agreed to get divorces and become man and wife. But Ida forsook Greenley and the infatuated man shot her dead, one evening, when she was about to enter church. The result of their criminal passion is that two families are broken up; Ida has already met with a tragic death, and William, in all probability, will be hanged.

—Count Ercole, son of the deceased Count Gabriele Mastia, brother of Pius IX., and his four children, are the principal heirs of the late Pope's enormous fortune. Count Ercole Mastai lives in Milan, Italy. One of his sons resides at Sinigaglia, and the other is in the French military school of St. Cyr. One of his daughters is a novice at the Convent of Tor de Specchi, and the second is married to the Commander Marce Fabri de Fano. There are also a few relatives descended from the Pope's sisters.

—Pope Leo XIII. was crowned in the Sixtine Chapel, in Rome, on Sunday last. The ceremony commenced at half-past nine in the morning and terminated at half past one in the afternoon. The Cardinals, prelates and diplomatists accredited to the Vatican and a few other persons were present. The Pope was afterward carried to his apartments, blessing the spectators on the way. Crowds broke the windows of the houses illuminated on Sunday night for the Pope's coronation, but were dispersed by the troops without casualty.

—A dispatch from Richmond, Va., March 4th, says: Samuel Valentine, a handsome bright mulatto, aged 19, laid down on the track of the Richmond and Petersburg Railroad, near Phillips Crossing, last evening, as a passenger train came along. The engineer saw him lying on the track, and blew his whistle, but it was too late to stop. When the whistle blew Valentine simply raised his head and put it on the iron rail and folded his hands. The entire train passed over him, mangling the body and killing him instantly. A letter was found on his person from his sweetheart, discarding him, and his friends state that he was tired of life. This is the first instance of a negro committing suicide for love, and one of the few instances of negroes committing suicide at all,

—Maggie Welsh, aged 22 years, a domestic in the family of C. O. Brunner, Bethlehem, Pa., met with a terrible accident on Saturday. While about the stove in the kitchen the strings of her apron caught fire, and before help reached her she was a sheet of flame. Exhausted she sank upon the floor in the hall. By the time Mrs. Brunner and other aid reached her all the clothing, even the woolen undergarments, had been burned from her body. The unfortunate woman was taken to St. Luke's Hospital, where she died shortly after.

—A young man named Ferguson, who was implicated in the recent robbery of the Newport, Pa., bank, has returned to his home. He states that wherever he went he met some one whom he thought recognized him. So he wandered from place to place in terrible fear he should be arrested. At last he concluded to go to Brazil, and was on board the ill-fated Metropolis. Rescued from a watery grave, he has now returned to his father's home, a ruined and broken down man, with all his hopes for a useful life blasted and nothing but degradation and punishment before him.

—The exposure of the cruelties practiced in the Trenton State Prison have thrown the shade the horrors of the Essex County (N. J.) Penitentiary. Wm. Jones was confined in that institution in a dark cell for days, starved, bucked, gagged, struck and beaten until he committed suicide. He was blind in one eye, and refused to break stone because he was afraid of losing his other eye. The Penitentiary is under the charge of the Board of Freeholders. The Grand Jury investigated the matter and found that the treatment was "severe in the extreme," but failed to indict the brutal Warden. Judge Depue indignantly reprimanded them, and said that he would see that the case was properly treated by their successors.

—In an ancient sepulchre, near the village of the Millwood Coal Company, in Westmoreland county, Dr. Frank Cowan, of Greensburg, a few days since discovered along with the bones of two human beings a number of arrow points and the tusk of a walrus, which is supposed to have been in the barb of an elaborately-wrought spear. The tusk is about a foot in length, slightly curved, tapering, and perforated transversely near the base. Through this perforation the rivet or ligature passed by which the barb was secured to the shaft. Whether this relic is of Indian or Mound Builder origin is not determined. The human bones with which it was found were integrated into dust after an exposure of an hour's duration.

—The people of Warren township, Bradford county, says the Pittsburgh *Telegraph* of Saturday, are somewhat excited by the strange freaks witnessed at the well on the McCandless farm (Murray's farm). This well has been flowing water, of a fine spa quality, ever since it has been finished, throwing it about 100 feet, but now it is 40 feet high. On Sunday morning about nine o'clock, the family living on the farm were surprised to hear what they supposed to be thunder. They ran to the door and found that it proceeded from the well, attended with balls of fire rising above the water and exploding with tremendous shocks. A few minutes later, they heard a subterranean rumbling, apparently at a distance when first heard, but the sound soon made its appearance at the well as before.

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

Ebensburg, Pa.,

FRIDAY, - - MARCH 8, 1878.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Here, There, and the Other Place.

—The next Argument Court will be held on Tuesday, April 2d.

—The attendance at Court was a pretty big thing, but not an item of news did any one bring.

—Two cases of small-pox and two of chicken-pox, are reported at Lloydsville, in White township.

—Many consumptives are now using Dr. Frazier's Root Bitters and Cough Syrup with remarkable success. [12-21.-1y.]

—A big matter to be considered in connection with the contest for County Treasurer is Mr. Andrew Strittmatter.

—Lawrence Plott, the young man convicted of burglary in our county court this week, has not yet been sentenced.

—The Court made a wise selection when it appointed John F. Bradley, Esq., of Gallitzin, as foreman of the Grand Jury.

—About thirty tramps have bivouacked in Haggerty's woods, near Altoona, and no doubt are ripe for stratagem and spoils.

—About one dozen persons propose to leave Bedford county on Tuesday next for Lincoln, Nebraska, where they intend to locate.

—From Maine to Mexico, the farmers speak in praise of the gread medicinal worth of Foutz's Horse and Cattle Powders. They speak from experience.

—Monday was a big day for the office-seekers, who were out in full force and shook hands with everybody who would submit to the operation.

—Brother Pitcairn, of the Altoona *Tribune*, wishes it to be distinctly understood that he is not seeking political honors of any kind, rumor to the contrary notwithstanding.

—Messrs. L. & S. W. Davis, liverymen of this place, wish to exchange for horse stock one Rockaway carriage, two buggies without tops, one spring wagon and two farm wagons. Call soon.

—The Hollidaysburg correspondent of the Altoona *Morning Tribune* intimates that Hon. Samuel Calvin is to be put off with the Congressional nomination on the Labor-Greenback *alias* National ticket.

—Some desire having been expressed to read the charge of Judge Dean in the case of the Commonwealth vs. Lawrence Platt, we shall endeavor to secure the document for publication in our next issue.

—March indulged in a little lionial growl on Monday last, but since then the weather has moderated very much, the atmosphere as we write Wednesday afternoon being exceedingly Spring-like and bland.

—A blair Furnace man, name not given, was knocked down by three tramps and robbed of $3.75, near the Fourth street railroad crossing, in Altoona, on Tuesday night last. No arrests so far as reported.

—The concluding portion of a long article from an esteemed correspondent on Emmet's Centennial, March 4, 1878, did not reach us until too late for insertion this week, and hence we have been compelled to reserve its publication until our next issue.

—Cambria's apology for a Court House was crowded to suffocation this week. When will the pride of our people manifest itself in the erection of a new hall of justice worthy of the county and fit for the purpose intended? Echo answers—when?

—Sister Gertrude, who for the past four years and three months has been a member of the community of the Sisters of St. Joseph in this place, died at 4 o'clock, P. M., on Saturday last, of lingering consumption, aged about 24 years. *Requiescat in pace.*

—We have been kept so busy watching the way the political winds blow and trying to circumvent the other chaps who are anxious to gobble up the county treasury plum, that we really have not had time to do full justice to our local department this week.

—A dwelling house occupied by Mr. Wm. Musser and located in Juniata township, Huntingdon county, was destroyed by fire with nearly all it contained on Friday last. The flames originated in an adjoining shed and were caused by children playing with matches.

—Sylvester Woods, of Freeport, Indiana county, cut his father quite severely with a razor a few days ago, whereupon Sylvester's brother-in-law procured an old fuzee and peppered Sylvester's body with bird shot, producing several painful though not dangerous wounds.

—We have received a beautiful song and chorus, entitled "*Silver Gray*," composed by S. Turney. It is said to be one of the prettiest songs now published. Any music dealer will mail it to your address on receipt of price, 30 cents. Published by W. L. Thompson & Co., East Liverpool, Ohio.

—Dr. Hoffman, who knows as much about teeth and their peculiar diseases as any other dentist in the county, will pay a professional visit to Wilmore on Monday next, March 11th, and to Carrolltown on Friday following, March 15th. Persons interested should make a note of these appointments.

—A shooting-match between Blair and Cambria county marksmen for a purse of $100, with privilege to increase but not decrease the stipulated amount has been arranged to come off in this place some time between the 15th and 23d of the present month, though on what particular day has not been determined.

—A young man in Huntingdon named Low, Wertz swallowed a big dose of laudanium on Thursday of last week with the evident if not avowed intention of committing suicide, but a physician, who was promptly summoned, succeeded in dislodging the dangerous drug before any serious consequences resulted.

—A rumor prevailed yesterday that our venerable townsman, E. J. Waters, Esq., of the East Ward, had died the night previous, but inquiry not only revealed the falsity of the rumor, but established the fact that the old gentleman, notwithstanding his advanced and great bodily infirmities, is still able to visit his neighbors.

—Col. P. Benner Wilson, senior officer of the Fifth Regiment, P. N. G., of which the Cambria Guard of this place and the Jefferson Guard of Wilmore are part and parcel, died at his home in Bellefonte on Friday last. His successor will probably be our worthy friend and brother typo, Lieut. Col. Theodore Burchfield, of Altoona.

—A man employed in the Edgar Thomson steel works at Braddock's, Pa., name not given, was deluged by molten steel from the convertor and terribly burned while engaged, shortly before noon on Wednesday last, at the ingot moulds in the converting department. Fears are entertained that the unfortunate man cannot recover.

—H. J. Hads, Esq., of Chest Springs, has announced himself as a candidate for Assembly, subject to the action of the Democratic county convention. The 'Squire is a wide awake, energetic and intelligent gentleman, and now that he is on the legislative warpath the probabilities are that he will make things pretty lively for all concerned.

—It may or may not be news to the readers of the Johnstown *Tribune* to learn that a new township has been formed out of parts of Washington and Summerhill townships, but it will certainly be news to them as well as everybody else to be informed that the new township so created, and which will henceforth be known as Portage, is located in northern Cambria.

—Mr. John B. Ross, of Blacklick township, one of the present Board of County Auditors, has announced himself as a candidate for Commissioner on the Democratic ticket, and as there are three to be nominated and Mr. Ross has a fair record as a consistent party man and an honest citizen, his claims will no doubt receive proper consideration at the approaching convention.

—The Johnstown *Daily Tribune* celebrated its fifth birthday on Saturday last. The *Tribune*, as we have taken occasion to say before this, is one of the best inland dailies in the State, and if its patronage is at all in keeping with its merit, it must have a list of subscribers almost as long as the moral law. If not, may it soon acquire and forever keep, as we are sure it will always deserve, such a list.

—That story about Miss Sarah J. Rhodes, of Clappertown, Blair county, which we referred to last week, turns out to be all true except the most interesting part of it, the $90,000 legacy, which she has no knowledge of ever having received, nor any intimation that she ever is to receive it. Young men who had contemplated sending in proposals will do well to note this change in the programme.

—The Board of Poor Directors, at their regular monthly meeting held on Tuesday last, fearful, as we have been told, that the Republican papers would make a fuss about it, declined to pay the price demanded by the *Democrat* and FREEMAN for publishing the receipts and expenditures of that institution. And yet one of the Directors is anxious to succeed himself on the Board. If he does may we be there to see.

—One of the latest to announce himself as a candidate for the office of Register and Recorder is John Lynch, Esq., of Summitville, who at present holds the position of Justice of the Peace and deserves as much as any one we know of to go up higher. John was a good soldier, and if nominated and elected would make an equally good official, his qualifications as a penman and in all other needful respects being first class.

—Our practical friend and patron, Mr. P. A. Forrester, formerly of this county, has, we are pleased to note, been elected Mayor of the city of San Luis Obispo, California, but not having the election returns before us we cannot say anything about his majority. As Mr. F. is a sound Democrat, however, we take it for granted that the victory is with that party, which, we are sure, will never have cause to regret its choice.

—The Court took a short cut on the counsel for the defendant in the case of the Commonwealth vs. Samuel Flenner, in consequence of the failure of that gentleman to put in an appearance promptly at two o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, and proceeded to charge the jury before all the evidence on behalf of the defendant had been elicited, and of course before the attorney in question had time to sum up the testimony and address the jury.

—Right Rev. James O'Connor, D. D., Bishop of Omaha and Vicar Apostolic of Nebraska, spent a few minutes, on Friday last, at St. Francis' College, Loretto, in which village, if we mistake not, he said his first Mass after being ordained a priest some twenty-five or thirty years ago. He was on his way at the time to his far-distant home, after having paid a brief visit to Washington city in behalf of the Indian tribes under his spiritual care.

—Plowing and sowing reaping and mowing, will keep our farmer friends going for the next six months or more; so now, while soft zephry's are blowing and there's reason to believe it's done snowing, it would be well to call at the cheap cash store of Myers & Lloyd where all things you need in the way of clothing and feed can be bought at lower prices than ever before. A large and elegant stock of winter clothing, dress goods, etc., at less than first cost to make room for Spring goods.

—The numerous friends of Judge H. C. Devine will be glad to learn that he is rapidly recovering from the painful injuries accidentally received a few nights ago while on his way from this place to his home in Chest township, and hopes soon to be himself again. The Judge is still at the residence of Mr. Jacob Kirkpatrick, of Carroll township, where, as he assures us, he is receiving the best of treatment from that big hearted gentleman and his estimable wife and daughters.

—Howard Jones, of this place, who had one of his thumbs badly mashed while at work near Petrolia, Butler county, about three weeks ago, in consequence of the careless dropping upon it of a bar of iron by a fellow workman, and whose arm it was feared would have to be amputated owing to the unskillful manner in which the injured member was treated, is now, we are pleased to say, getting along quite comfortably, with every prospect for the early healing of the wound.

—An old gentleman named James Gillin, a resident of Gallitzin, this county, was struck by a pusher engine, while walking on the track about a mile west of that place, on Thursday evening of last week, and knocked some distance from the track, his right arm being at the same time fractured in three places and his head and body badly bruised. The fact that the engine was moving at a comparatively slow pace when the accident occurred will no doubt account for the old gentleman's escape from a shocking and instant death.

—If the Altoona *Morning Tribune* don't become famous it won't be for want of libel suits, the latest of which has been brought by Recorder Greevey, of that city, whose reputation seems to have been assailed in some mysterious way by the paper in question. At least Greevey thinks it has, and hence the suit. The defendants—Messrs. Dern, Pitcairn and Greer—gave bail in $1,000 each to appear and answer at the next Court of Quarter Sessions of that county, when, we doubt not, it will be shown that a Greevey-ous mistake has been made by the prosecutor.

—This is the way the Hollidaysburg *Standard* dishes up the sad mishap which recently befell our venerable friend and correspondent, Judge Devine, who ought to be known as the O. S. O. not only as an old-time newspaper man, but as a brother-in-law of a prominent citizen of the ancient burg, Mr. James Moorehouse. The *Standard*, however, fails to recognize an old acquaintance and puts it in this shape: Judge D. C. Irvine, of Carrolltown, Cambria county, is nursing a broken leg—the results of attempting to jump over a stream.

—Mr. Patrick Moran, of Loretto, whom we referred to last week as one of the many seekers after the nomination for County Treasurer, has requested us to insert his card, which we shall do with pleasure in our next issue, this notice being all sufficient for present purposes. No one who knows Mr. Moran need be told that he is an honest, upright man, and one of the best blacksmiths in the county, but when it comes to manipulating the public funds we hope to save him and the other aspirants from all unnecessary trouble on that score.

—Our amiable friend and fellow "bricktop," Mr. Thomas Hoover, of Cambria township, who for some time past has been quietly paving the way to a public announcement of the fact that he is a candidate for the office of Register and Recorder, has requested us to proclaim the news in the columns of the FREEMAN and to all the readers thereof, which we do with pleasure, knowing full well that Thomas don't need to take a back pew in the political synagogue so far as merit, efficiency and a faithful adherence to Democratic principles is concerned.

—Tavern, eating house and quart licenses were granted on Monday night last to all the applicants therefor, except Thos. Dumphy, of St. Augustine, against whom a remonstrance was presented and whose case was held over until Monday next, and also John R. Sproull, of Adams township, who withdrew his application. An eating-house instead of a tavern license was granted to Mr. Geo. Schwaderer, of Washington township, he having requested such change to be made. For a full list of the successful applicants consult the FREEMAN of last week.

—The Huntingdon *Globe* is really too enthusiastic in its admiration for the FREEMAN and its editor, though we don't doubt for a moment that Brother Tyhurst is entirely sincere in expressing the hope that we may succeed in securing the Democratic nomination for County Treasurer. In that spirit, therefore, we accept his very generous commendations and endeavor as much as possible to hide our blushes while we read that "the *Freeman* is one of the best papers on our (his) exchange list, and the man who can print as good a paper as it is deserves anything he asks of his party."

—The machine is somewhat out of order this week, and as a consequence we are obliged to fall back on the prosiest kind of prose in telling our readers that Godfrey Wolff, the popular and leading clothing merchant of Altoona, is selling overcoats and winter goods generally at a mere song in order to close out the stock as soon as possible and make room for an immense invoice of ready-made clothing for the Spring trade. Whatever you need in that line therefore, you can now buy at the lowest prices from Godfrey Wolff, next door to the post-office, on Twelfth street, Altoona, Pa.

—Linton Johnston, one of the young colored men found guilty of larceny and sentenced to three years in the penitentiary, tore up a portion of the floor in his prison cell a few evenings ago, and armed with a piece of board thus obtained and a large bottle, threatened to make things hot for any one who attempted to enter his cell. A little moral suasion in shape of a loaded revolver pointed at the young desperado speedily brought him to terms, however, and after being unarmed he was handcuffed and hobbled, in which condition he will be kept until his removal to Allegheny city.

—We are coming, Mr. Murphy, several hundred more, to save our hard-earned money in dealing at your store. We are coming one by one, as well as in crowds together, and your splendid stock of made-up clothes will all be gone ere another change of weather; for oft we've heard it said, and have no doubt its true, that you are selling at the very lowest figures the best of clothing nice and new, at your famous hall of fashion, known both far and near as the place to buy an outfit at prices very far from dear. Star Clothing Hall, 109 Clinton street Johnstown, is of course the place referred to in the above soliloquy.

—The husband of Mary Beales, the woman who so narrowly escaped conviction in our county court on Tuesday last for larceny and receiving stolen goods, will, we are informed, be discharged from the Western Penitentiary some day this month, his term of imprisonment for an offense we cannot now recall being about to expire; and, if rumor speaks truly, he proposes to make things red hot for his faithless spouse and her sweet-scented paramour, Henry Dunlap. Bloodshed is even hinted at, but it is to be hoped that better counsels will prevail and that nothing worse than a prosecution for bigamy, which they richly deserve, will confront them with its terrors.

—Mr. J. J. Noonan, a former resident of this place, has secured the right to sell Brown's Expansion Spring Bed Bottom in this county, and as we have for a couple of weeks passed enjoyed the felicity of sleeping on one of these really luxurious arrangements, we can truly say that it possesses all the merits claimed for it. This bed bottom will fit any bedstead, and is not only entirely noiseless and so simple in construction that a child can arrange or remove it, but it is really the only bed bottom that is self-accommodating to light or heavy persons. We recommend it to all who appreciate comfort and ease in the matter of bed bottoms. Advertisement next week.

—At No. 1119 Eleventh avenue, Altoona, Pa., may be found a store devoted exclusively to the sale of boots, shoes, gaiters, etc., of every style, size, finish and make, from the tiniest baby shoes to the most ponderous brogans ever built. This store is kept by Mr. S. Blumenthal, who not only professes but is able to prove to the satisfaction of any one that he sells better goods in his line and sells them at lower prices than any other man in the business. Not only that, but he has the largest and most varied assortment in Altoona, and can fit any foot, please any taste and suit any pocket-book. The celebrated Walker boot he sells at the lowest price and warrants perfect in make and matesial. Go, see and be convinced.

—It will be sad news to many of our readers to learn that Mr. Thomas R. Mulvehill, a well known and most worthy citizen of Pine township, Indiana county, just over the Cambria county line, died rather unexpectedly, if not suddenly, on Sunday last, but from what cause other than a severe cold, which probably settled on his lungs, we are unable to say. The deceased was married to a daughter of Mrs. McCann, of this place, and was a most devoted husband, a kind neighbor, and an honest, upright citizen, deserving and fully enjoying the esteem of all who knew him. He leaves a wife and seven small children to mourn his untimely death. His age we presume to have been about 40 years. May he rest in peace.

—A correspondent writes from Carrolltown to inform us that fully one hundred and fifty guests attended the wedding of Mr. Augustine Borkey and Miss Tillie Farbaugh, the announcement of whose nuptials will be found under the head of "Hymeneal," in another column, and that everybody enjoyed themselves hugely. The Carrolltown silver cornet band visited the scene of festivities in the evening and added sweet music to the many other pleasant features of the occasion. The writer also adds a good word for the happy young couple, in all which we cordially agree, the bride being well fitted for the duties pertaining to wedded life and the bridegroom eminently worthy of a good wife, whom we feel sure he has secured in the person of our amiable friend Tillie. May a long and happy life be vouchsafed to the newly wedded pair.

—For some reason unknown to us the two packages of the FREEMAN designed for Johnstown not only failed to reach their destination in due time, but were reported still among the missing on Sunday last. This failure is of course due to some remissness on part of Uncle Sam's postal agents, as we know to a certainty that the papers were mailed here in the usual way and at the usual time on Thursday evening, and that they should and would have reached our subscribers in that place on the following day had not the carelessness or culpable neglect of the agent charged with their delivery interfered to prevent such consummation. We are sorry that our Johnstown readers were put to this inconvenience, but we can assure them that the fault was not with us. If it should ever occur again, however, we shall try to find out the why and the wherefore, and if possible have the proper remedy applied.

—The sentences imposed on young Gray and Goughnour for taking part in the railroad troubles of last July may be accepted as indications of the fact that the excitement occasioned by the unlawful acts referred to has completely died out, for while we do not allege that the Court was in any way influenced by the then prevailing sentiment, it is quite evident that a more severe sentence would have been imposed on these young men had they been arrested and tried for the offense three or six months ago. At least it is fair to infer that such would have been the case in view of the fact that Messrs. Parfitt and Hildebrand, who were tried and convicted at September term for no more violent proceedings than Gray and Goughnour were charged with, were each sentenced to one year's imprisonment in the county jail. This too notwithstanding that Parfitt and Hildebrand were not in the employ of the Pa. R. R. Co. and that Gray and Goughnour were. If the sentence of the two latter is punishment sufficient for the unlawful acts committed, something, it seems to us, should be done to release the two former, who have already served fully one-half the sentence imposed upon them.

THE STORE ORDER SYSTEM AND MR. THOMAS.—The vote in the House at Harrisburg defeating the bill to secure to operatives and laborers engaged in mining anthracite coal the payment of their wages in lawful money, was reconsidered yesterday week by 116 yeas to 24 nays. Mr. Thomas, of this county, who is a practical workingman himself, and a warm friend of the bill, took part in the discussion on the motion to reconsider, and we lay before our readers the following synopsis of his remarks, as furnished by the Harrisburg correspondent of the Pittsburgh *Dispatch* and published in that paper of Friday last:

The store order bill was, on motion of Mr. Ringgold, reconsidered in the House this morning. Mr. Thomas, of Cambria county, made a telling speech in favor of the motion to reconsider. It was a notable fact, he said, that every bill introduced into the House for the past two years, which was directly for the benefit of the poor workingman, was defeated, and he challenged contradiction. The workingmen were the bulwarks of society, the bone and sinew of our country. Our armies are recruited principally from their ranks; even the Sheriff calls upon them for his *posse comitatus*. This bill remedies a number of evils practiced upon the workingmen, and if there be any objectionable features in the section complained of, modify it, but do not permit the wrongs practiced upon employes by capitalists, corporations and employers to be continued any longer. The speaker contended that the workingmen during the July troubles were on the side of law and order. It is now on third reading, and is made the order for Tuesday next.

—Pleasant as honey, the old folks like it, the young people like it, and the babies cry for it. We mean Dr. Frazier's Cough Syrup. [12-21.-1y.]

DOINGS IN COURT THIS WEEK.—The regular March term of Court convened in this place at 11 o'clock, on last Monday forenoon, with Hon. John Dean, President, and Hons. John Flanagan and John D. Thomas, Associates, on the bench. The first business transacted was the reception of the returns of the constables of the several townships, boroughs and wards, and the swearing in of those recently elected to serve in similar capacities during the ensuing year. This done the criminal business was taken up and disposed of in the following order:

Com'th vs. Frank Gray and Heenan alias Buck Goughnour, charged with taking possession of property belonging to the Pa. R. R. Co. in aid of the strike of last July. Defendants plead guilty and were each sentenced to pay a fine of $20 for the use of Cambria county, costs of prosecution conjointly, and undergo imprisonment in the county jail for a term of sixty days. When the sentence was pronounced a young man named Andrew Crouse, who had just been released from jail after serving a six months' sentence for a like offense, became so overjoyed that he yelled out in Court, "Bully! —only sixty days in jail." Whereupon Judge Dean instructed the tipstaff to arrest the demonstrative individual, which he succeeded in accomplishing in the vestibule of the Court House, and being taken before his Honor he was fined five dollars for contempt of Court, and sent back to jail until the fine is paid.

Com'th vs. Wm. McCall—assault and battery on a young man named Pringle, at Portage. Defendant found guilty and sentenced to pay a fine of $10 and costs of prosecution.

Com'th vs. Frederick Tesh—fornication and bastardy; Catharine Horner, prosecutrix. Jury finds defendant guilty and Judge imposes the usual sentence.

Com'th vs. Joseph Fresh and Elizabeth Fresh—assault and battery. Grand Jury find not a true bill, and the prosecutor, Michael Kirsch, required to pay the costs.

Com'th vs. Elizabeth Thomas—assault and battery; Evan Thomas, her husband, prosecutor. The jury find that she committed the offense charged, but that at the time of its commission she was laboring under a fit of insanity. Remanded to jail until some provision can be made for her future care and keeping.

MONDAY EVENING'S SESSION.

Court convened at 7 o'clock to receive and decide on the several applications for license, all of which, with a single exception noted elsewhere, were granted without protest or remonstrance of any kind.

TUESDAY'S PROCEEDINGS.

Com'th vs. Samuel Flenner—nuisance in obstructing and rendering a public road impassible. Jury find defendant not guilty, but that he pay half the costs, the prosecutor, Elias Penrod, to pay the other half.

Com'th vs. Henry Dunlap and Mary Beales—larceny and receiving stolen goods. One of the most important witnesses in this case on behalf of the Commonwealth, a man named Asiera ft, having absconded before he was called upon to give his testimony, the prosecution fell for want of evidence, and the defendants were acquitted by the jury without leaving the box.

Com'th vs. Wilson Patterson, jr., and Linton Johnston—larceny. Verdict, guilty. Defendants sentenced to pay a fine of $100 each for the use of Cambria county, the costs of prosecution conjointly, and each to undergo three years' separate and solitary confinement in the Western Penitentiary.

Com'th vs. Wm. Allen—receiving stolen goods. William, who is aged only about twelve years, pleads guilty and was sentenced to pay a fine of $5 and remain in the county jail for a period of sixty days.

Com'th vs. John Grady—assault and battery. Defendant pleads guilty and is sentenced to pay a fine of $5 and costs of prosecution and to enter into recognizance of $100 to keep the peace for one year.

EVENING SESSION.

Com'th vs. Lawrence Platt—burglary, based on the alleged entrance by the defendant, in the latter of July last, of the dwelling house of Mr. Henry Mellon, at Chest Springs, and the breaking open and abstraction from a desk therein of about $125 in greenbacks. On trial when Court adjourned until 9 o'clock

WEDNESDAY FORENOON.

when the consideration of the case was resumed, the jury finally retiring about 11 o'clock a. m. and rendering a verdict of guilty as in manner and form indicted.

Com'th vs. Ulrich Loeffler—assault and battery. Settled.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

Com'th vs. Lawrence Platt—larceny. *Nolle prosequi* entered by District Attorney Rose, with consent of Court, after the conviction of defendant for the crime of burglary.

Com'th vs. Erwine Peth—surety of the peace. Defendant bound in the sum of $200 to keep the peace, etc.

Com'th vs. Charles Helreigle—wife desertion. The Court orders defendant to pay his wife two dollars per week for the support of two children of whom he is the father, and to enter into bonds for the fulfilment of the duty imposed.

Com'th vs. Joseph Leidy, John Reynolds and Wm. Keely—malicious mischief. Jury find defendants guilty of having the box. Sentenced to pay a fine one dollar each for the use of Cambria county, the costs of prosecution, and each to undergo an imprisonment of twenty-four hours in the county jail.

COMMON PLEAS.

Charles Dishart vs. Frederick Snyder and Andrew Dishart vs. Frederick Snyder—appeals from the decision of a justice of the peace. Both cases above specified were tried together and resulted in verdicts for the defendant.

Julius Stich vs. John Crouse—appeal from the judgment of a justice of the peace. Jury find $0.45 for plaintiff.

Garrett, Whitesides & Co. vs. McLaughlin Brothers, and Garrett, Whitesides & Co. vs. Price, Baxter & Co.—action for debt. The Court ordered plaintiffs to take a nonsuit in both the above cases, with leave to remove it upon motion at the next term.

W. J. Buck vs. John E. McMullen—scire facias to continue lien of Judgment. Verdict for plaintiff for $530.40.

At 10 o'clock, p. m., March 6th, Court adjourned for the week.

HONOR IN HIS OWN LAND.—Says Comley in his recently-issued work, The History of New York State, "The day has passed when the benefactors of humanity were allowed to live in ignominious poverty—their sacrifices, their labors, unrecompensed. Today, the benefactors of the people—the men who devote their lives and energies to the interests of humanity—these are the men whom the world delights to honor, and whom it rewards with princely fortunes. As an earnest worker for the welfare of his fellow-men, Dr. R. V. Pierce has won their warmest sympathy and esteem. While seeking to be their servant only, he has become a prince among them. Yet the immense fortune lavished upon him by a generous people he hoards not, but invests in the erection and establishment of institutions directly contributive to the public good, the people thus realizing, in their liberal patronage, a new meaning of that beautiful Oriental custom of casting bread upon the waters. Noted in both public and private life for his unswerving integrity and all those sterling virtues that ennoble manhood, Dr. Pierce ranks high among those few men whose names the Empire State is justly proud to inscribe upon her roll of honor. Ambitious, yet moved by an ambition strictly amenable to the most discriminating and well-balanced judgment, his future career promises to be one of unparalleled activity and usefulness, ably supplementing the work he has already accomplished, by a life at once noble in effort, enviable in its grand results." While Dr. Pierce's genius and energy have won for him so enviable a position on the records of a nation, having been elected Senator by an overwhelming majority, his justly celebrated Household Remedies have gained for him a yet more desirable place in the hearts of a grateful people. His Golden Medical Discovery and Favorite Prescription have brought health and happiness to ten thousand households.

DEATH OF MR. THOMAS J. LLOYD.—We regret to state that Mr. Thomas J. Lloyd, who has been the inmate of a sick room during the past winter, died on Wednesday night last about 8 o'clock, in the 47th year of his age. Mr. Lloyd was born two miles west of this place, where his father still resides, and was for several years extensively engaged in the purchase and sale of lumber. He was very highly respected, and his death will cause a feeling of deep regret among all who knew him. He was twice married and leaves one child, a little girl, by his first wife, who was a daughter of Mr. Ezekial Hughes, formerly of this place, but now a resident of Iowa City. His second wife, a daughter of Judge Richard Jones, of the East Ward, a very excellent and much esteemed lady, will have the sympathies of all in her great bereavement.

—The barn of Mr. Mordecai Henry, near Wilsontown, Huntingdon county, was burned to the ground on Thursday night last and a young horse, several sheep and a lot of poultry perished in the flames. A large lot of wheat and other produce was also destroyed at the same time. The fire is supposed to have been of incendiary origin. Loss not stated; insurance, $1,100.

Communication.

UTOPIA, March 4, 1878.

DEAR MR. EDITOR—Having lately taken a little trip through a portion of the western part of our State for the purpose of recuperating my health, which has been somewhat shattered from the effects of arduous labors, I would feign express, through the medium of your journal, the feelings of delight which I experienced in some of the localities which I visited. Passing over the enjoyable time the traveller has in spending a few days of pleasure and health-seeking in that lovely, blue skyed, Italian-like atmosphered city of Pittsburgh, where a stranger luxuriates on the copious draughts of ——, I note a place of less importance, but more quietness, where I enjoyed myself with untold contentedness. Mr. Editor, on last Sunday I had the pleasure, to me an exquisite one, of being present at divine service at St. Bartholomew's church, Wilmore, in your county. As the town is on the wayside, and is of little commercial consequence, I will not venture a description, but will give vent to my feelings as to the religious character, and attractions of the place. Dear St. Bartholomew's! with what feelings of by-gone days—many of pleasure, some of sombered aspect—did I behold your beautiful spire and enter your sacred portals! But why dwell on the days that are gone and the thoughts they inspire! As to the church, the exterior, which appears to advantage from the P. R. R., is a beautiful, well-proportioned structure, being in dimensions 115 by 55 feet, and standing on a most commanding location, with its commodious parsonage in the rear. The interior of the church, although somewhat elaborate, being of the most approved Gothic style, still has a chaste simplicity awakening in the beholder feelings of religious admiration. In a word, the church, both interiorly and exteriorly, shows forth not only the skill of the architect, but also the zeal, piety and good taste of the present incumbent. Everything appears to me to be in the best taste and order. The altar is appropriately filled and chastely adorned with richest ornamentation, while everything in and around the sanctuary is calculated to inspire devotion. It is almost a sure evidence of a devoted, saintly priest to have the house of God in good order. Although from my remarks about the church the character of the good Father McHugh may be readily inferred, still I am constrained to give him a passing word of praise.

Father McHugh is a native of the parish over which he exercises spiritual jurisdiction. He has the charge of the congregation some five years, and its present advanced spiritual condition attests the efficiency of his zealous labors. He is now in the prime and vigor of life, and to all appearances destined to continue his useful labor in his Master's service for many, many years to come. So may it prove to be. As towards his people he is kind and zealous, as to his friends who may chance to test his hospitable worth, he is urbane, whole-souled and extremely generous. I speak from experience. I had the extreme pleasure of hearing from him what may be justly called a regular old practical sermon, going straight to the heart. This I call true pulpit eloquence. There was no beating the air, no tinkling symbol, no sounding brass.

The good Father understands the spiritual wants of his people and knows how to supply them. A good pastor and a good flock—the pride of Wilmore.

What shall I say of the music? St. Bartholomew's church can fairly boast of a good choir, as last Sunday's music unmistakably proved. More than that I need not say.

My heart saddened as I turned my footsteps from the dear old place where I—well, where I can now be nothing more than a VISITOR.

A BIG BOOST FOR M'PIKE.—Nothing but the wild hunt after office in which we are so earnestly engaged could ever have tempted us to forget our innate modesty long enough to give place to the following kind words of good cheer from the generous and prolific pen of Brother Buckingham, of the Altoona *Evening Mirror*, who has piled it on so thick and strong that we are almost tempted to believe it was not ourself at all he had in his mind's eye when he gave vent to his feelings in this wise:

Our esteemed friend and fellow journalist, H. A. McPike, of the *Cambria Freeman*, wants all his political friends to understand that he does not intend to strike his colors even when he dies, for he expects to run for county treasurer this and every time hereafter until he makes it, if he has to make his canvass as a carpet-bagger in the land where Bob Ingersoll will never more trouble virtuous and religious editors. Jesting aside, Mac. says:

We don't know who originated the rumor that we had withdrawn from the contest for County Treasurer, but we are assured that such a rumor was prevalent at Gallitzin, and probably elsewhere, only a few days ago. It is proper to say that there is no truth whatever in the allegation, our intention being to fight it out on that line "until the last armed foe expires," unless it should happen, which is not at all improbable, that we should have to do a little expiring on our own hook before the other twelve or fifteen candidates have all received their final quietus.

There is no use talking, Cambria is booked to elect a Democratic treasurer every time, and this being the fact, nothing but the basest ingratitude can push aside the claims of Mr. McPike. He has done more for his party than any man in the county and deserves recognition. We hope to see him make it, as he is a good fellow, a genial gentleman, an honest and capable man. Our Gallitzin friends may paste this in their hats.

BUBOUOCELE, OR RUPTURE.—Over forty years experience in the application of trusses and the treatment of RUPTURE has enabled me to do the best that can be done in any such cases. I make and apply trusses which will always hold in a rupture or breach of any kind, and located in any part of the body. In a large number of cases I can effect a thorough and radical cure. Who is there that will linger through life with this dangerous deformity when such assurances of safety are offered? No one. In cases of children, a cure can always be affected, as well as in the cases of females, although the disease is as one to five in that of the other sex. I likewise treat, successfully, every disease of deformity and weakness needing outward supports, as well as chronic diseases of a difficult and stubborn character. Those who have tried other sources and failed, would serve their interest in calling on or addressing me.

DR. KEYSER, 240 Penn Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa., opposite Christ's Church. Cut this out for reference. [2-8.-1m.]

"GERMAN SYRUP."—No other medicine in the world was ever given such a test of its curative qualities as BOSCHEE'S GERMAN SYRUP. In three years two million four hundred thousand small bottles of this medicine was distributed *free of charge* by Druggists in this country to those afflicted with Consumption, Asthma, Croup, severe Coughs, Pneumonia and other diseases of the throat and lungs, giving the American people undeniable proof that GERMAN SYRUP will cure them. The result has been that Druggists in every town and village in the United States are recommending it to their customers. Go to your Druggists Lemmon & Murray, Ebensburg, and ask what they know about it. Sample Bottles 10 cents. Regular size 75 cents. Three doses will relieve any case.

WE have cured some of the worst cases of scalding by hot water and steam on record. By taking cold, the burns of the sufferers had become aggravated, and being over the vital parts, the case seemed absolutely hopeless. We used E. K. Thompson's Great Healing Ointment as directed, cleansing the angry looking burns by dipping a sponge in warm Castile soapsuds, and squeezing it over the sores until thoroughly cleansed, then spreading the Ointment on a thin piece of cloth, and laying it gently on. This treatment was kept up for two weeks or more, and in a month or six weeks the patient was out doors as well as ever.

Prepared by E. K. Thompson, Titusville, Pa., and sold by Lemmon & Murray, Ebensburg, Price, 25 cents.

REMARKABLE SUCCESS.—The success of the leading literary of paper the West, THE CHICAGO LEDGER, is truly remarkable.—Since its introduction to the reading public, six years ago, THE LEDGER has steadily advanced in favor, and is now acknowledged second to no paper of the kind in the country. Its circulation is national, and has been obtained through the efforts of its publishers to produce a paper of high moral character. That they have succeeded, and well, too, the thousands of readers of THE LEDGER scattered from Maine to Texas and from Oregon to Florida will bear testimony.

—Since the discovery of Dr. William's Indian Ointment there is certainly no excuse for any one to suffer with the Piles. See special notice. [12-21.-1y.]

Local Correspondence.

ELDER TWP., March 5, 1878.

DEAR FREEMAN—In reading over the columns of your valuable paper I found a communication signed "A World-be Union Man," in which the writer tries to be very witty and sarcastic, but he certainly falls short of either. We are well aware of the fact that this delectable dish was partially cooked in St. Boniface, and then taken over to Carrolltown for the proper spicing. The gentleman having it in charge, not possessing the necessary brains to make it palatable enough for your numerous readers, secured the services of a gentleman of that village to put it in proper shape. He says the election passed off very quietly. That is very true, and if there was any undue excitement before or after the election, it was among the Union men themselves, for certainly the Elder men were cool and perfectly composed, well knowing that all differences of opinion would be made right at the proper time. As to the petition having been stolen or kept out of the hands of Jas. C. Easly, Esq., till after the adjournment of the Argument Court, we assuredly have no knowledge, but we do know the Union petition was duly mailed by Mr. Thos. Ott at his post-office and received at the Carrolltown post-office. Now, the question arises, who lifted this petition out of the office. Was it Jas. C. Easly himself, or was it some one among his friends who are in the habit of lifting his mail matter that took it out and held it till after the adjournment of the Argument Court, and then (cunningly, for a joke on friend Easly,) mailed the petition at Ebensburg back to Carrolltown for the P. M. at Carrolltown in his hurry in changing his mail, send it on to Ebensburg? Such mistakes not unfrequently occur with the best of post-masters. We conclude that this petition has been manipulated in one of these two ways, though our friends lay the aforesaid piece of naughty, as they call it, at the doors of the Elder men; yet, as our old friend Fritz would say, "The Union men they *sit all de times*; but ourr a *whiles* the Elder men *sit not a tall*."

That all the officers elected on the 19th ult. are good men and true we freely admit, and the only fault we have to find with the citizens of the new township is in not re-electing Mr. Paul Yahner as School Director, he being one of the foremost and best qualified citizens in the township.

As to Dr. Pillsbury's quack nostrum plasters, the Elder men are not in need of any of them, but advise him to apply a few of them to the mouths of some of his brawling friends, especially the "World-be Union Man," in hopes that they might have the desired effect of stopping some very windy holes, which are becoming rather too numerous in this latitude.

We hope, however, that our Union friends will become reconciled to their fate, and that in harmonizing henceforth with the common fold they may succeed in making themselves as happy and contented as any Elder in the faith.

Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Come to the living waters of Elder,
Drink thereof and be ill no more.

BATTLE AXE.

PRICELESS DISCOVERY.

Sure Cure for Piles.

A sure cure for the blind, bleeding, itching and ulcerated piles has been discovered by Dr. William—an Indian remedy—called Dr. William's Indian Ointment. A single bottle has cured the worst old chronic cases of twenty-five and thirty years' standing. No one need suffer five minutes after applying this wonderful soothing medicine. Lotions, instruments and electuaries do more harm than good. Dr. William's Ointment supports the tumors, allays the intense itching particularly at night after getting warm in bed), acts as a poultice, gives instant and painless relief, and is prepared only for Piles and nothing else. Thousands of cured patients attest its virtues, and physicians of all schools pronounce it the greatest contribution to medicine of the age. It matters not how long or severely you have been suffering, you can be cured.

Mr. Joseph M. Ryder, Cleveland, Oh

A MANUFACTURED VOICE.

A MAN WITH A WHOLE ORCHESTRA IN HIS THROAT.

Any man who is dissatisfied with his voice can become an orchestra, with words, brasses, strings, and a big drum, if he likes. In September of last year, Dr. Foulis, of Glasgow, found himself under the necessity of proposing the complete removal of the larynx of one of his patients. The man consented, chiefly with the view of escaping the lingering death which threatened him. It was accordingly done, and now, at the end of four months, a fair share of health has been regained, the windpipe and other parts implicated have healed so as to admit of the introduction of voice tubes, and the man has been shown at the University and before some of the scientific societies of Glasgow, where the professors and others were enabled to satisfy themselves of the reality of his speaking powers. For the sake of easy adjustment it consists of two tubes, which are placed in the wound separately, and fitted to each other by slipping the lower a little way into the upper one. A framework holding a vibrating reed is passed into a hole in the front of this tube, like a drawer into its grooves. When pushed home the reed plate slips downwards, and the current of air from the lungs, impinging upon its free end, throws it into vibration. A continuous musical note is thus produced, which becomes modulated into vowels, consonants and words by the action of the mouth. All the reeds remain silent in ordinary breathing. The vowels are perfectly clear and distinct, both in whispering with the reed out and in intoning with the reed in the tube, proving that the vowels are the product of changes in the shape of the mouth cavity, and not formed by alterations of the glottis. The question of the reeds to be used was one of much interest. The first tried in Glasgow were of brass. Experiments have shown, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, that many other materials, such as ivory, horn, cane, silver or steel, will answer the purpose, and the patient, who is an ingenious mechanic, amuses himself in fitting them up. He has thus a variety of voices at command, and with one of his reeds made a vulcanite can positively roar. The softest and most natural notes are given by the non-metalic reeds; but the richest tone comes from a reed composed of an alloy of silver and brass.

THE FOOT AND THE POUND.—The foot and the pound are found in every country, and have evidently been derived directly from the Romans. But they can claim a far higher antiquity, for Mr. Chisholm traces their origin to the Babylonians or Chaldæans, who, as units of length, used both the cubit and the foot. These were subsequently adopted by the Egyptians, who introduced considerable variety, so that there is no little confusion between the different kinds of cubit and foot. The natural cubit, of about 18 inches, and the foot, which was two-thirds of this length, were transferred to Greece, and, the cubit having fallen into disuse, the foot became the ordinary standard of the Romans. At the same time the double cubit, which was equivalent to three feet, would appear to have survived in the form of the ell of mediæval Europe, and in that of our own yard. As all these measures were originally derived from the proportions of the human body, some caution is necessary in referring their origin to remote antiquity rather than directly to the length of the forearm or of the foot. It must be admitted, however, that the coincidence of length among all civilized nations is very striking. The derivation of the pound weight is more complicated. The earlier tower pound appears to have been of Roman origin, being presumably identical with the Greek-Asiatic mina, while the hundred weight corresponded to the talent or weight of cubic foot of water. Subsequently the Troy pound was substituted, and, for commercial transactions, the pound avoirdupois from the old French pound of 16 ounces. It is evident, however, that our weights and measures in the dark ages were in an unsettled state, and subject to arbitrary alterations at the will of the monarch.—*The Saturday Review.*

THE LARGEST ROCK.—Probably the largest and highest rock in the known world is the South Dome of Yosemite. Standing at the fork of the upper valley, it rears itself, a solid rocky loaf, 6,000 feet above the ground. A more powerful hand than that of Titan has cut away the eastern half, leaving a sheer precipice over a mile in height. No man ever trod the top of this dome until last year. Former visitors gazed in wonder at the spikes driven into the rocks by hardy spirits, who had repeatedly endeavored to scale it. The shreds of rope dangling in the wind told the story of their failure. Last year, however, after thousands of dollars had been spent several persons found their way to the top of the dome, and last summer two sheep were discovered browsing on the hitherto inaccessable peak.

A CURIOUS "shooting fish" is found in Java, where it is frequently made a pet, and kept by the natives. In the tank inhabited by the fish a stick is placed upright, projecting a few inches above the water, and a fly or insect of some kind is placed on the top. The fish swims round the stick to examine the prey, and apparently measures the distance, rises to the surface, and suddenly discharges a few drops of water at the insect, rarely failing to bring down the game like a practiced sportsman. The shooting fish is of a plain yellowish color, marked with dark stripes, and ten inches in length.

BARKERS' BIG BIGGER BIGGEST BARGAINS IN CAPS! CLOTHS! CLOTHING! CASSIMERES! CARROLLTOWN.

OUR SALES-BOOK WILL SHOW THAT

WE HAVE SOLD MORE GOODS

DURING THE PAST SIX MONTHS

THAN ANY FIRM IN NORTHERN CAMBRIA,

AND THE REASON IS THAT WE HAVE

SOLD at LOWER PRICES

THAN ANY ONE ELSE COULD DO,

And now wish to inform the people of Carrolltown and vicinity that we have in our Store the

Largest and Most Complete

STOCK OF GOODS

Ever brought to Northern Cambria, and which we are offering

AT PRICES EVEN LOWER THAN EVER BEFORE.

The reason we can afford to do this is, that by buying Goods in large quantities, and buying for cash only, we are enabled to get the very best terms, and the reason why you should buy from us is, that

WE HAVE NOT ONLY THE BEST GOODS AND LARGEST STOCK,

BUT SELL AT THE LOWEST PRICES.

We were among the first to open out in Carrolltown and we do not intend to be driven away by new stores, big advertisements, great promises, or anything of that kind; so if you want to deal

Where there is Square Dealing, and no mistake,

Come Right Along to Our Store,

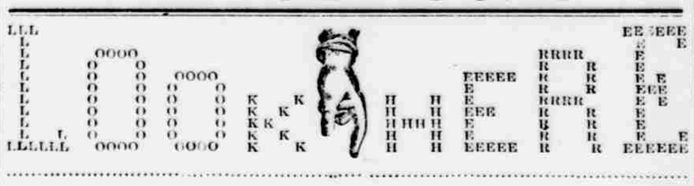
where you will not only find the bars down, the latch-string out, and a hearty welcome awaiting you, but will get

MORE REAL VALUE FOR YOUR MONEY

THAN AT ANY OTHER STORE IN THIS REG'ON.

A. A. BARKER & SON,

CARROLLTOWN.



GREAT "BAR" GAINS

AT THE

People's CHEAP Store,

CARROLLTOWN, PA.

So called by numbers of persons who have returned from Johnstown, Altoona, Ebensburg, and elsewhere, with the dear bought knowledge that we who were not among the first to open in Carrolltown, but who were the VERY FIRST in Northern Cambria to sell Goods at such WONDERFUL LOW PRICES, can do

BETTER FOR BUYERS!

THAN ANY OTHER HOUSE IN THE BUSINESS.

ALL PERSONS ARE RESPECTFULLY INVITED TO CALL AND JUDGE FOR THEMSELVES.

S. TEITELBAUM & BRO.

CARROLLTOWN, JAN. 18, 1878.

GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN,

113 and 115 Clinton Street, Johnstown,

ALWAYS HAVE THE

Largest, Best and Cheapest

Stock of Dry Goods, Notions, Millinery, Carpets, Oil Cloths, &c., to be found in Cambria county. [2-4.] Don't forget the number and street. [tf.]

PARKE'S MARBLE WORKS,

139 Franklin Street, Johnstown.

MONUMENTS, HEAD and TOMB-STONES, COUNTER and CABINET SLABS, MANTELS, &c., manufactured of the very best Italian and American Marbles. Entire satisfaction guaranteed in price, design and character of work.

Orders respectfully solicited and promptly filled at the very lowest cash rates. Try me.

April 24, 1873.-tf. JOHN PARKE.

JAMES WILKINSON.....H. T. O'FRIEL.

WILKINSON & O'FRIEL,

MANUFACTURERS

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC MARBLE!

Loretto, Pa.

Work executed promptly and satisfactorily, and as cheap as the cheapest. (4-12—tf.)

$777 is not easily earned in these times, but it can be made in three months by any one of either sex, in any part of the country who is willing to work steadily at the employment which we furnish. You need not be away from home over night. You can give your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. It costs nothing to try the business. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address at once, H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine. (3-2-1y.*)

WOOL! BOUGHT —OR— MADE UP TO ORDER WOOL!

THE EBENSBURG WOOLEN COMPANY is amply prepared to manufacture to order or exchange Goods of its own make for WOOL, which will be taken at the highest market price, and for the gathering of which wagons will soon be sent to the various sections of the county. The quality of the goods made by us is too well known to need recommendation, and as we are now running our Factory by STEAM POWER, there will be no delay in the manufacture of wool sent or brought to us for that purpose.

P. S.—Weaving, Carding, Fulling and Dyeing promptly attended to in a workmanlike manner and at the lowest possible rates.

Ebensburg, May 11, 1877 -tf.

Ebensburg INSURANCE AGENCY.

T. W. DICK,

Gen'l Insurance Agent,

EBENSBURG, PA.

Policies written at short notice in the

OLD RELIABLE "ÆTNA"

And other First Class Companies.

Ebensburg, Sept. 22, 1877 -1y.*

GEO. M. READE, *Attorney-at-Law.* Ebensburg, Pa. Office on Centre street, three doors from High street. [8-27, '72.]

Insects and Artificial Flowers.

In a late number of *Nature* a short account is given of some experiments recently made by Prof. J. Plateau, of Ghent, as to insects being deceived by artificial flowers. In connection with the subject the following incident will not, I think, be considered uninteresting. I was coming by one of the lake steamers from Como to Menaggio, in September, 1875, and saw a humming bird hawk moth, *Macroglossa stellatarum*, fly to some bright colored flowers on a lady's hat on deck, and hang poised over them for a short time and then fly away. During the process it made one of those short familiar darts off, for a moment, and then returned, after the manner of the moth when disturbed, and it remained long enough to convince me that it had tested the flowers and found them wanting.

Another incident comes across my mind while writing this, which, though it does not exactly bear upon the point, yet is of a somewhat kindred nature. I was crossing from Harwich to Antwerp in August of the same year, and as the weather was fine and the boat crowded, I remained on deck all night. About 4 o'clock in the morning I saw what appeared to be a bird or bat flying rapidly about the rigging. As I was watching it the funnel of the steamer poured forth a thick column of black smoke owing to the fresh coaling it had just received. Off went the creature as soon as it perceived the change, or at all events, as soon as the change took place, and flew for some time in and about the smoke, now darting through it, close to the funnel mouth, and then letting himself be borne along with it, for some distance, as if in sport, looking very strange and weirdlike in the process. After awhile, as the full daylight broke, it left the smoky region above and came down toward the deck and I then discovered it to be neither bird nor bat, but a specimen of the death's head moth, *Sphinx Atropos*, whose flight I then witnessed for the first time. After running the gauntlet of several of the passengers, who tried to catch it with their hats, it settled somewhere on the spars or woodwork of the boat and escaped, perhaps to renew its flight in a similar manner the following day.—*Nature.*

A FEATHERED BANDIT.—John Burroughs in *Scribner* calls the shrike a "bird with the mark of Cain upon him." He says:

But let me change the strain and contemplate for a few moments this feathered bandit—this bird with the mark of Cain upon him—(*Collyris borealis*), the shrike or butcher bird. Usually, the character of a bird of prey is well defined; there is no mistaking him. His claws, his beak, his head, his wings, in fact his whole build point to the fact that he subsists upon live creatures; he is armed to catch them and to slay them. Every bird knows a hawk and knows him from the start, and is on the lookout for him. The hawk takes life, but he does it to maintain his own, and it is a public and universally known fact. Nature has sent him abroad in that character and has advised all creatures of it. Not so with the shrike; here she has concealed the character of a murderer under a form as innocent as that of the robin. Feet, wings, tail, color, head and general form and size are all those of a song-bird—very much indeed like that master songster, the mocking bird—yet this bird is a regular Bluebeard among its kind. Its only characteristic feature is its beak, the upper mandible having two sharp processes and a sharp, hooked point. It cannot fly away to any distance with the bird it kills nor hold it in its claws to feed upon it. It usually impales its victim upon a thorn or thrusts it in the fork of a limb. For the most part, however, its food seems to consist of insects—spiders, grasshoppers, beetles, etc. It is the assassin of the small birds, whom it often destroys in pure wantonness, or merely to sup on their brains, as the Gaucho slaughters a wild cow or bull for its tongue. It is a wolf in sheep's clothing. Apparently its victims are unacquainted with its true character and allow it to approach them, when the fatal blow is given.

THE comparative time lost in turning at the ends of long and short furrows, in plowing long and short fields, may be seen from the following calculation: With a length of furrow measuring two hundred and thirty feet, and a breadth of ten inches, in a day's work of ten hours, the time lost by a team in turning would equal five hours and eleven minutes, while but four hours and forty nine minutes would be devoted to plowing; with a length of furrow of four hundred and forty-nine feet, two hours and forty four minutes would be lost in turning, and seven hours and sixteen minutes devoted to plowing; a length of furrow of six hundred feet would necessitate two hours' loss of time in turning, with eight hours of plowing, while, with a length of furrow of eight hundred and twenty two feet, only one hour and twenty eight minutes would be lost in turning, giving eight hours and thirty-two minutes out of the day's work for actual plowing.

AN Eastern farmer says: After experimenting with all the varieties of corn, sowing broadcast, in drills, and cultivating by hoeing it, I have come to the conclusion that the best and most profitable way to raise corn fodder is to plant sweet corn, put your rows three feet apart, plant thick, not more than two feet apart, put in six to eight stalks in a hill, manure heavily, keep it clear of weeds, hoe two or three times, and you will have an abundant crop of the best kind of fodder for milch cows.

TO CLOSE OUT!
TO CLOSE OUT!
TO CLOSE OUT!

OVERCOATS!
OVERCOATS!
OVERCOATS!

AT COST!
AT COST!
AT COST!

AT BARKERS'.
AT BARKERS'.
AT BARKERS'.

Closing Out Sale!

HARDWARE, TINWARE, STOVES,

&c., &c., AT

COST! COST!! COST!!!

THE undersigned, having concluded to close up his business as early in the Spring as possible, will from this date sell STOVES, HARDWARE, TIN and SHEET-IRON WARE, &c., &c.,

AT COST FOR CASH!

And Cash Only.

As my stock, which is almost entirely new, was bought for cash when goods were down to the lowest point, and as the manufacturers of many goods in my line are daily advancing their prices, this offer gives the public the

BEST OPPORTUNITY TO SECURE BARGAINS

EVER PRESENTED IN THIS SECTION.

In order to give the public an idea of what I am selling goods at I submit a few of my

Great Reductions in Prices:

Double-bitted Axes, worth $1.5 to $1.75, Reduced to $1.15 to $1.35.
Knives and Forks, worth 90c to $4.00, Reduced to 65c. to $2.50.
Sil. Pla. Table Spoons, worth $5.50 to $6.50, Reduced to 2.00 to $3.00.
Sil. Pla. Teaspoons, worth 1.75 to $2.75, Reduced to $1.15 to $1.85.
Sil. Pla. Table Castors, worth $1.75 to $8.00, Reduced to $1.15 to $5.00.
Cook Stoves worth $25.00 to $50.00, Reduced to $18.00 to $28.00.
Heating Stoves, worth $6.00 to $35.00 Reduced to $4.00 to $25.00.

And corresponding reductions in all other goods now in stock. In short no more than cost price will be asked for any article on hand while many things will be SOLD AT LESS THAN COST.

In making this offer however, I wish it to be distinctly understood that no goods will be permitted to leave the store until paid for. Promises to pay to-morrow or next week will not answer, as I am determined to close out my business on a cash basis only.

Persons owing me book accounts or notes are requested to pay up and save costs.

GEORGE HUNTLEY.

Ebensburg, Jan. 11, 1878. tf.

COLLINS, JOHNSTON & Co.

BANKERS,

EBENSBURG, Penn'a.

MONEY RECEIVED ON DEPOSIT,

PAYABLE ON DEMAND.

INTEREST ALLOWED ON TIME DEPOSITS.

MONEY LOANED. COLLECTIONS MADE,

AND A GENERAL

BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

Special attention paid to business of correspondents. A. W. BUCK,

Nov. 19 1875.-tf. Cashier.

Carl Rivinius

Practical Watchmaker and Jeweler,

One Door West of Huntley's Hardware Store,

EBENSBURG, PA.,

HAS always on hand a large, varied and elegant assortment of WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, SPECTACLES, EYE GLASSES, &c., which he offers for sale at lower prices than any other dealer in the county. Persons needing anything in his line will do well to give him a call before purchasing elsewhere.

Prompt attention paid to repairing Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, &c., and satisfaction guaranteed in both work and price.

Ebensburg, Jan. 25, 1878.-tf.

M. E. BUCKLEY,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

EBENSBURG, PA.

Office with F. A. Shoemaker, Esq., on High st. All business pertaining to the profession promptly attended to, and collections made a specialty.

T. W. DICK, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in front room of T. J. Lloyd's new building, Centre street. All manner of legal business attended to satisfactorily, and collections a specialty. [1-43.y.

DANIEL McLAUGHLIN, *Attorney-at-Law*, Johnstown, Pa. Office in the old Exchange building, (up stairs,) corner of Clinton and Locust streets. Will attend to all business connected with his profession.

WM. H. SECHLER, *Attorney at Law*, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in Colonnade Row, (recently occupied by Wm. Kittell, Esq.) Centre street. [1-21.'76.-tf.]

F. A. SHOEMAKER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg. Office on High street, east end of residence. [1-21.'76.-tf.]

ESTABLISHED FOR THIRTY-ONE YEARS.

F. W. HAY & SON

Manufacturers,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

—OF—

TIN, COPPER,

—AND—

Sheet Iron Wares

AND DEALERS IN

HEATING, PARLOR and COOKING

STOVES,

Sheet Metals,

—AND—

HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS GENERALLY.

Jobbing in

T'N, COPPER & SHEET-IRON

PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

Nos. 278, 280 and 282 Washington St.,

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Messrs. EDITORS:

As we were connected with

Dr. QUINCY A. SCOTT'S

Dental Establishment!

AT THE TIME HIS

CENTENNIAL SPECIMENS

Were manufactured, we state positively that those elegant Dental Specimens which received the

CENTENNIAL MEDAL and DIPLOMA

WERE MADE BY

DR. QUINCY A. SCOTT

And his assistants. And we desire also to state that we have been in many dental offices, and have seen dentistry in all its phases, but have never seen work turned out anywhere to equal that made at

278 Penn Avenue,

PITTSBURGH, PA.

We do not think it necessary, but we also wish to endorse

Dr. Quincy A. Scott

As a gentleman, upright and honorable in all social and business relations

DR. JOHN SCOTT, DR. W. H. PERRY,
DR. JOS. GRAHAM, JOHN K. AHL,
ALL OF PITTSBURGH, PA.

Manhood: How Lost. How Restored!

Just published, a new edition of Dr. CULVERWELL'S celebrated Essay on the radical cure (without medicine) of SPERMATORRHŒA or Seminal Weakness, Involuntary Seminal Losses, IMPOTENCY, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, &c.; also, CONSUMPTION, EPILEPSY and FITS, induced by self-indulgence or sexual extravagance, etc.

Price, in a sealed envelope, only six cents.

The celebrated author, in this admirable Essay, clearly demons rates, from a thirty years' successful practice, that the alarming consequences of self-abuse may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicine or the application of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.

This Essay should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.

Sent, under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address, post paid, on receipt of six cents or two postage stamps. Address the Publishers,

THE CULVERWELL MEDICAL CO.,
41 Ann Street, New York.
Post Office Box 4586. [7-11.-3m.]

THIS WAY FOR

Drugs, Medicines, Toilet Articles, &c.

IN addition to a full line of Drugs, Medicines, &c., the undersigned keeps on hand a large, varied and elegant assortment of

Perfumery, Toilet and Washing Soaps,

Pure Flavoring Extracts, Essences of all kind, pure Spices, Blank Books, Pocket and Pass Books, Stationery, Writing Fluid, Black and Red Inks, Pens, Pencils and Pen Holders, Bibles, Prayer Books, Hymn Books, &c., &c., together with a

FINE STOCK OF JEWELRY,

Tooth, Hair, Shoe, Scrub and Dusting Brushes, Combs of all kind, Tobacco, Cigars, Pipes, Glassware, Lamps, Lamp Chimneys, and hundreds of other articles needless to mention—all of which will be sold at the

Very Lowest Prices for Cash.

LEMMON & MURRAY.

Ebensburg, June 8, 1877.

HEALTH AND HAPPINESS.

Health and Happiness are priceless Wealth to their possessors, and yet they are within the reach of every one who will use

WRICHT'S LIVER PILLS!

The only sure CURE for Torpid Liver, Dyspepsia, Headache, Sour Stomach, Constipation, Debility, Nausea, and all Bilious complaints and Blood disorders. None genuine unless signed "Wm. Wright, Phila." If your Druggist will not supply send 25 cents for one box to HARRICK, ROLLER & Co., 70 N. 4th St., Phila. [1-4.'76.-1y.]

SELLERS' COUGH SYRUP.

CLARION, Pa., December 14, 1875. *Messrs. R. E. Sellers & Co.*: Your Cough Syrup is doing wonders. Two doses cured me of a bad cough of one week's standing.—JAMES H. COOPER.

PITTSBURGH, March 21, 1876. *Messrs. R. E. Sellers & Co.*: Two bottles of your Imperial Cough Syrup cured me of a distressing cold, which settled on my lungs.—WM. KESO.

Price, 25 Cents.

R. E. Sellers' & Co., Props., Pittsburgh, Pa.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. [2 16.-1y.]

A. M. KEIM, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Ebensburg, Pa. Office recently occupied by Dr. J. J. Ottman, two doors west of Blair House, High st., where night calls can be made. Consultations in German as well as English. 9-5,'77. tf.

CIDER AS A MEDICINE.

A physician who has charge of the hygienic department of the *Rural New Yorker* says the fact "that cider has wrought some remarkable cures is susceptible of the most positive proof. Its hourly or even daily use as the most common drink is not what I refer to, but its use in certain cases of debility, derangement of the liver and chronic diarrhœa has, in many cases, had a most marked effect. Especially in the long, lingering debility that follows remittent fevers has it been used with decided success." The writer was witness to the cure of a case of the most obstinate chronic diarrhœa effected in one day by a pint of hard cider administered in two doses, while another sudden and violent attack in another person was cured the same day by a small dose of bi-carbonate of soda. Two other cases of remarkable cures from cider I will relate. Mrs. H., as reported to me by herself, had a lingering cough with loss of appetite and a general decline, and was supposed by herself and friends to be rapidly approaching her end with consumption. On a visit to her father she saw him coming from the cellar with a pitcher of cider and asked him for a drink, which had so good an effect that she continued its use for a few weeks, in which time she fully recovered. This and the following were doubtless affections of the liver. Some years since, in my walk from my residence to my place of business, I met S. M., whom I knew to have lately returned from the army. His countenance showed a bad condition of the liver, his gait showed great debility, and I looked forward to the day when I should meet him no more. In answer to my inquiries, he said he had been treated by several physicians without benefit. I advised him to try some hard cider, but to be very cautious, for I thought he was far gone. Meeting him two days after, an I asking him of the effect of his new medicine, he replied, "First rate! I drank a full glass of what you brought me with a keen relish, went to bed and slept soundly all night, a thing that I have not done before for months." He then told me that his case was one of chronic diarrhœa, contracted in the army. I had the satisfaction of seeing him fat and hearty in a few weeks, and hearing that his physician said to him, "It was the cider that cured you; I had done all I could for you."

THE WELSH LANGUAGE.—No Welsh is heard in the streets of Cardiff. It is preached in some pulpits and spoken in some homes and the most cultivated burgesses take pride in their knowledge be the same more or less of the Welsh language and literature; but for common uses of life the English is as much the language of Cardiff as it is of New York. If the people of Cardiff differ in any marked respect from those of London, and Liverpool it may be, perhaps, in a certain high alacrity of manner not altogether characteristic of the the typical Englishman. As for the Welsh language even the slight knowledge of a beginner in the study of this noble tongue is sufficient to show that the descendants of the Cymry are amply warranted in their affectionate pride concerning it. It is a terrible tongue to look at, but it is musical to hear, having seven vowels, and being full of soft liquid sounds. It is a most copious language too, containing no fewer than eighty thousand words; and from this fact, with others which the student early recognizes, it is easy to believe that it has greater scope for the utterance of poetical sentiments than the English language has. The pronunciation is easy and flowing, so that, with its many and incessantly recurring vowels, it is an easy language to sing—much more so than the English, and only second in this respect to the Italian. A stranger encountering the name of Ebbw Vale (one of the fair valleys near the flowing Usk) might easily suppose it to be a jaw breaker of a word to pronounce, but the pronunciation is ebboo. So with cwrw (beer), pronounced kooroo. Wherever w occurs in Welsh, it has the sound of double o, as in pool.

WHISTLING.—An old farmer once said that he would not have a hired man on his farm who was not habitually whistling. He always hired whistlers. He said he never knew a whistling laborer to find fault with his food, or his bed, or complain of any little extra work he was asked to perform. Such a man was generally kind to children and animals in his care. He would whistle a chilled lamb into warmth and life, and bring in his hat full of eggs from the barn without breaking one of them. He found such a man was careful about closing gates, putting up bars, and seeing that nuts on his plough were properly tightened before he took it into the field. He never knew of whistling hired men to beat or kick a cow, or drive her on a run into the stable. He noticed that the sheep he fed in the yard and shed gathered around him without fear as he whistled. He had never employed a whistler who was not thoughtful and economical. It looks as if there was something in this: "a man that hath no music in his soul" certainly cannot whistle much, and so may be "fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils." A whistling man can learn tunes, and love music, and whistles when he is angry, cross, or surly. "It is better to whistle than to whine."

REMEDY FOR HOARSENESS.—Horseradish will afford instantaneous relief in most obstinate cases of hoarseness. The root, of course, possesses the most virtue, though the leaves are good till they dry, when they lose their strength. The root is best when green. Persons using it freely before beginning to speak will not be troubled with hoarseness.